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Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 6, 1954 / 20¢

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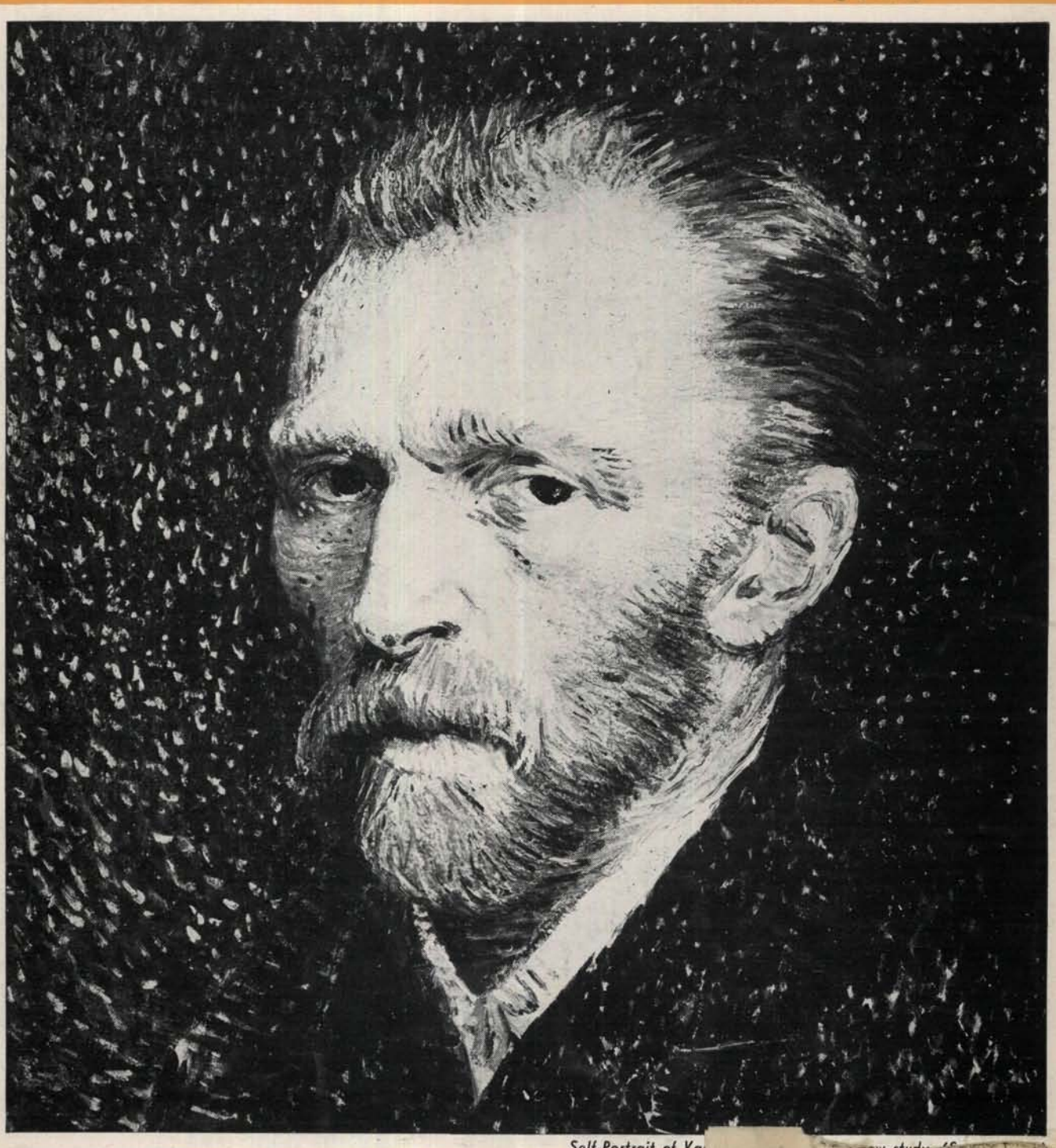

Self-Portrait of Va

SHOULD AMERICAN HISTORY BE REWRITTEN?

A Debate Between Allan Nevins and Matthew Josephson

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The Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 6, 1954

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Andy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVII, No. 6, Feb. 6, 1954. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the 'Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.'' Entire issue copyright 1954 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

"A good book never dies" is one of the platitudes of the world of literature which is more honored in the breach than in the observance. Many good books have died and many more will. Here is the story of a good book which *almost* died.

In 1908 a journalist and one-time cowboy called Henry Longan Stuart published a novel called *Weeping Cross*. To the few discerning reviewers it seemed to be at least 50 years ahead of its time. They found in it not only a whacking good adventure story of the early Puritan colonies in America, but something more. In a strange, powerful way it dealt realistically with sin and redemption and the workings of divine grace through the tortured conscience of the hero, Richard Fitzsimon. These are the same themes with which Graham Greene and Francois Mauriac have wrought their great novels in recent years.

Weeping Cross not only spoke realistically of spiritual things but it was written in a strangely beautiful, evocative style which recreated vividly the New England of 1625. Virtually ignored on its publication, Stuart's book was very soon out of print. Stuart himself died in 1928, alone and disappointed, sure of only one thing — that his novel deserved a better fate than it had met. Five years after his death — in 1933 — some of his friends (among them Van Wyck Brooks) prevailed on another publisher to re-issue the novel. Once again the time was not yet right and *Weeping Cross* found only a small audience among professionals.

A few weeks ago, out of the conviction that a good book shouldn't die and won't, if it gets a fair chance, I re-issued *Weeping Cross* by Henry Longan Stuart. It has already been the choice of a book club and it has been bought by all major libraries. So far, it seems that critical opinion and public opinion will vindicate not only Stuart's judgment but also that of Sigrid Undset, who proclaimed it "An outstanding work in American fiction."

WEEPING CROSS
by Henry Longan Stuart
$4.00

Henry Regnery
CHICAGO

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The response of *Saturday Review* readers to my column on misspellings has been slightly overwhelming.

¶ I have received more than 2400 replies, by letter and wire, by local and long distance phone call, and by messenger.

¶ Answers have come from 47 states and the District of Columbia, as well as from three foreign countries.

¶ Almost everyone caught my mistakes, which were in the spelling of "completely" and "rhinoceros." A few "peaple" listed Daisy Ashford's spelling of that word; but that was her error, not mine.

¶ "Rhinoceros," even in its corrected version, gave others as much trouble as it had given me. I would guess that a candidate for office could win by a landslide on a platform consisting only of a pledge to reform this word's spelling.

¶ I am awarding 100 copies of both Daisy Ashford's "Young Visiters" and H. Allen Smith's "Compleat Practical Joker." The copies will go to the first person replying from each state, and also to the writers of the most interesting letters on these books.

¶ A list of the winners will be found elsewhere on this page.

¶ To all who wrote I offer my thanks. To the many who made comments or asked questions I promise to write soon.

¶ I hope that those who didn't win will go drown their sorrows at the corner bookshop. The booktender has plenty of the stuff that eases pain, with no hangover guaranteed. Just ask the man for Smith and Ashford.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

This column is sponsored by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y., publishers of the 1954 edition of "The Thorndike-Barnhart Comprehensive Desk Dictionary," an inexpensive and handy authority on the spelling of "rhinoceros" and other words.

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SR's Library Poll

ANDRÉ MAUROIS' biography of George Sand, "Lélia," is still first in the interests of the patrons of the public libraries in large cities from coast to coast reporting regularly to *SR*. Two books with a religious and inspirational theme that have long been favorites of readers continue to hold high rank again this week: The Reverend Norman Vincent Peale's "The Power of Positive Thinking" in second place, and "Life Is Worth Living," by Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, in fourth place.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Lélia**
   by André Maurois (G)*
2. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
3. **Lord Vanity**
   by Samuel Shellabarger (F)*
4. **Life Is Worth Living**
   by Fulton J. Sheen (G)
5. **Flying Saucers from Outer Space**
   by D. E. Keyhoe (G)
6. **Battle Cry**
   by Leon Uris (F)
7. **The Secret Diary**
   of Harold L. Ickes (G)
8. **The Doctors**
   by André Soubiran (F)
9. **Beyond This Place**
   by A. J. Cronin (F)
10. **Time and Time Again**
    by James Hilton (F)
11. **From Here to Eternity**
    by James Jones (F)
12. **Triumph and Tragedy**
    by Winston Churchill (G)
13. **The Female**
    by Paul Wellman (F)
14. **The Spirit of St. Louis**
    by Charles A. Lindbergh (G)
15. **The Caine Mutiny**
    by Herman Wouk (F)
16. **The High and the Mighty**
    by Ernest K. Gann (F)
17. **The Voices of Silence**
    by André Malraux (G)
18. **Too Late the Phalarope**
    by Alan Paton (F)
19. **Fire in the Ashes**
    by Theodore H. White (G)
20. **A House Is Not a Home**
    by Polly Adler (G)

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* (G)—General
** (F)—Fiction

Winners in "Editor-at-Large" Contest. Copies of Daisy Ashford's "The Young Visiters" and H. Allen Smith's "Compleat Practical Joker" have been sent to the following persons:

Mrs. L. J. Anderson, Queens Village, N. Y.; G. L. Atwood, Berlin, N. H.; John L. Baring, San Diego, Calif.; Mrs. Paul E. Bennett, Freeport, Me.; Paul Bernadet, Montreal, Que.; Grafton H. Berry, Rhinelander, Wis.; Josephine B. Blain, Detroit, Mich.; Mona Boyle, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Beulah Brenneman, Salmon, Idaho; Austin R. Brown, Jr., Aberdeen, Md.; Nancy Byrn, Louisville, Ky.; Nan Carpenter, Missoula, Mont.; Florence H. Carrington, Richmond, Va.; David Chernack, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. E. N. Clower, Chesterfield, S. C.; Enid Corfe, Paterson, N. J.; Mrs. Aileen Creighton, Corpus Christi, Texas; Paul F. Crumley, Fort Ann, N. Y.; Edward Darling, Boston, Mass.; J. N. Darling, Captiva, Fla.; Mrs. Kenneth C. Davis, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. F. E. Dennard, McComb, Miss.; Mrs. J. N. Dent, Oak Ridge, Tenn.; Henry Dolan, Milwaukee, Wis.; William C. Doster, Gainesville, Fla.; Ona Doxsee, Detroit, Mich.; G. B. Drummond, Albuquerque, N. M.; Richard A. Dumez, Denver, Colo.; Margaret Elliott, Chickasha, Okla.; Mrs. Harold A. Fein, Chicago, Ill.; Ira M. Freeman, New Brunswick, N. J.; Claire E. Fritzsche, Ashburnham, Mass.; Ward Fulcher, Seattle, Wash.; A. S. Geiger, Westport, Conn.; Sareen R. Gerson, Waltham, Mass.; Judith B. Ginsberg, Forest Hills, N. Y.; Mrs. C. G. Habley, Atlanta, Ga.; Nina Hall, Montgomery, Ala.; Sally M. Hartley, San Bernardino, Calif.; Alan C. Hood, Hillside, N. J.; Andrea and Jerry Inglis, Rosemead, Calif.; M. Jaffe, Cleveland, Ohio; Walter F. Jenkins, Twin Bridges, Mont.; Mrs. Latta R. Johnston, Columbia, S. C.; Irving Kartus, Topeka, Kans.; Stanley B. Kent, Cleveland, Ohio; Sturgis E. Leavitt, Chapel Hill, N. C.; Katherine V. Lester, Atlanta, Ga.; Evelyn R. Levin, West Haven, Conn.; Julia Losinski, Baltimore, Md.; George W. Lyon, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Nora Magid, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Frank Major, Jr., Lincoln, Neb.; Edith Masters, East St. Louis, Ill.; Mrs. Mary N. McClees, Dallas, Tex.; Ethel B. McClure, Huntington, Ind.; Richard E. McEvoy, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. C. Eugene Moore, Huntingdon Valley, Pa.; Blythe Morley, New York, N. Y.; Bob Mullen, Alice, Tex.; Mrs. Thomas Nanney, Des Moines, Iowa; Mrs. A. Nathenson, Denver, Colo.; Eleanor Nichols, New York, N. Y.; Barbara J. Ocheltree, Mexico, D. F.; James P. Ostler, Levittown, Pa.; Mrs. Frances Page, Nantucket, Mass.; Ben W. Parnell, Baton Rouge, La.; Mrs. Fred S. Patterson, Greensboro, N. C.; Charles W. Paul, Hempstead, N. Y.; Dorothea Pellett, Topeka, Kans.; Mrs. Ruth Pino, Lansing, Mich.; Gwenn Powers, Eugene, Ore.; Mrs. Sterling E. Price, Springville, Utah; Mrs. Ruth G. Pruna, Sancti-Spiritus, Cuba; Ross B. Ramsey, Los Alamos, N. M.; Verna B. Reintjes, Newark, Del.; L. Riggleman, Charleston, W. Va.; Jeptha Riggs, Cape Girardeau, Mo.; Gail R. Robertson, S. Royalton, Vt.; T. E. Rowlett, Jr., Blytheville, Ark.; H. L. Sigmund, Kirkland, Wash.; Walter E. Simon, Phoenix, Ariz.; Mrs. Arthur C. Smith, Long Beach, Calif.; Elizabeth B. Smith, Arlington, Va.; Nancy W. Sornborger, Rowley, Mass.; Lee Stohlbrost, Boulder, Colo.; Mrs. Sol Stolorow, Jackson, Mich.; Mrs. Frank Sullivan, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Stewart Sullivan, Chicago, Ill.; R. H. D. Tanner, Hamilton, Ont.; Dr. Norman Tobias, Clayton, Mo.; Mrs. Michael Todd, No. Hollywood, Calif.; Mrs. A. W. Unumb, Tucson, Ariz.; Mrs. John Van Pelt, Wayne, Pa.; Mabel Webster, Fargo, N. D.; Mrs. K. Welton, Indianapolis, Ind.; Charles W. Wiecking, Washington, D. C.; Stanley Willis, Hampden-Sydney, Va.; Herbert E. Wilson, Arlington, Va.; Peter Windsor, New York, N. Y.

(For further details, please see "Editor-at-Large" column elsewhere on this page.)

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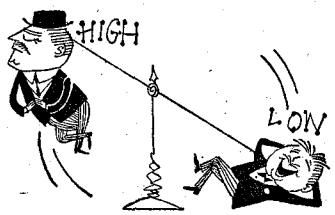
TRADE Winds

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Bennett Cerf has taken a leave of absence. While he is gone* TRADE WINDS *will be written by guest contributors. This week's column is by one of New York's noted men-about-books, Alan Green, author of "They Died Laughing," published by Simon and Schuster.*

A HARD-COVER STALWART all these years, "Gone With the Wind" is about to become a paperbound reprint. Somebody suggested that the movie of GWTW be re-released to coincide. Somebody else thought that the title of the movie be altered to indicate that it was a reissue. At that point Frank Kelly of the American Book Publishers' Council quietly suggested calling it "Gone With the Second Wind."

NO NEWS TO LITERATE PEOPLE (a likely title for this column this week) is the fact that when Sydney Smith died

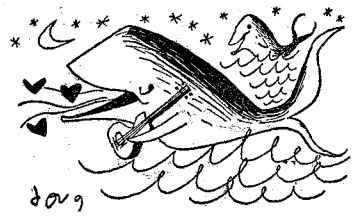


in 1845 one of its greatest wits departed the English-speaking world. It may be news to some, however, that in the 1830's he made a comment which, in the light of a recent Presidential election, may seem to some people to be wryly apropos. Smith, according to Hesketh Pearson's "The Smith of Smiths," was addressing his brother, a solemn gentleman who had, on the whole, done better in the world than Sydney. "You and I," said Sydney, "are exceptions to the laws of nature. You have risen by your gravity, and I have sunk by my levity."

JUST BEFORE THESE PREMISES were temporarily taken over by squatters Bennett Cerf printed a few famous and devastating rejection slips. The most crushing I ever heard was quoted some years ago by Russel Crouse. Seems that an author, having submitted a novel—a very long novel—finally got his manuscript back from the publisher. "We are sorry," wrote the publisher, "to return your paper, but you have written on it."

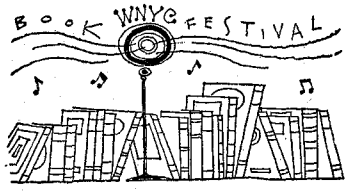
DODGER AND YANKEE FANS will know from direct experience, Giant fans will dimly recall, that in baseball the hat trick consists of one player hitting a homer, triple, double, and single in one game. To the Mystery Writers of America the hat trick means something which is rather more difficult. And it's just been accomplished by a twenty-three-year-old first novelist, Ira Levin. His mystery-suspense novel, "A Kiss Before Dying," was sold *before book publication* to Twentieth Century-Fox for the unheard-of-these-days-mystery-price of $25,000, to *Cosmopolitan,* to the Mystery Guild, and to New American Library for paperbound reprint when the public finally tires of rushing out for the regular hardcover edition. This seems unlikely to happen for quite a while, inasmuch as the first printing of 7,500 copies (most mysteries are lucky to sell three or four thousand) is out of stock. New orders for 1,500 copies are awaiting a second printing, which will probably have to be backed up by a third. Few modern mysteries have been more deserving of such success, and if Mr. Levin doesn't win the Edgar Allan Poe Award for the best first mystery written in 1953 some previous winners may feed their Edgars to the birds. Ravens, of course.

FLASH! WHALES MAKE LOUSY LOVERS. The Book-of-the-Month Club judges have recently selected (and *The New Yorker* is now running excerpts from) "Of Whales and Men," by R. B. Robertson, an English psychiatrist who, in 1950, signed on as senior medical officer of an Antarctic whaling expedition. Possibly encouraged by reports of Captain Ahab, Dr. Robertson may have felt that a whaling expedition would offer exceptional opportunity for the study of the neurotic personality. His book is a fine



account of modern whaling methods, of men spending months away from home and women, and is filled with fascinating material about the whales themselves. Readers of small stature who have been misled into believing that size and robustness are essential to successful romantic episodes will be encouraged to learn from Dr. Robertson that few living beings would seem to have a drearier, more unrewarding love life than these leviathans. Their deficiency does not stem from their inability to strum a guitar.

TO HELP CORRECT the seemingly widespread impression that book reading is a nasty adolescent habit which ends with "Ivanhoe" and "Silas Marner" and from which one enters an adulthood of picture magazines and television, New York's municipal broadcasting station, WNYC, held a week-long book festival last March. During that week ninety hours were devoted to readings, literary quizzes, and lively criticism. The result: an avalanche of mail from charmed listeners and an immediate decision to hold another book festival this year. From March 21 through March 27 anyone



within dialing distance of WNYC can hear readings by—among others—Vanessa Brown, Clifton Fadiman, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. Irwin Edman will lead a panel attempting to unravel some literary puzzles. Joyce Cary and James Hilton will offer themselves up for interviews. And—because it was way back in 1877 that Edison invented the phonograph—the actual voices of Mark Twain, Oscar Wilde, Walt Whitman, and other nineteenth-century giants will be heard reading from their own works. So overflowing with good things is the 1954 Book Festival program that Seymour Siegel, director of WNYC, has suggested holding a Remainder Festival later in the year.

THIS—A TIME OF MEN like James Reston, Roscoe Drummond, and Ed Murrow—is undoubtedly a journalistic heyday. But once in a while I get wistful for journalism's hey-nonny-nonny days when the ethics were lower and the journalists—any day after 11 A.M.—quite a bit higher. I've just finished reading advance proofs of a couple of books, each by a titan of those times: Gene Fowler and Ben Hecht. Each man—Hecht in Chicago and Fowler in New York—covered the police courts, the underworld, and every gaudy facet of metropolitan life. Either one of them would rather have interviewed a stripteaser or a two-headed boy than have written a definitive page-one story on our foreign policy.

Fowler's upcoming book, "Minutes of the Last Meeting," is an improbable

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Chapter on the final assault by SIR EDMUND HILLARY
Foreword by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh

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biography of an incredible man, Sadakichi Hartmann, poet and art critic who for some eighty years never once retracted his ardent claim that he was a genius. The book recounts the sessions at the Hollywood studio of artist John Decker, where Fowler, John Barrymore, and W. C. Fields, along with Thomas Mitchell and Roland Young, met to pay ribald homage to Hartmann, to outdrink him when possible, and to surround him with some of the funniest and wildest discussions ever to be subsequently set down in a loving and zany memoir. The only one of the group who paid nothing resembling homage to Hartmann was W. C. Fields. "I say he is a no-good bum!" Mr. Fields insisted. There's quite a bit of hitherto unreported W. C. Fields in "Minutes of the Last Meeting," including Fields's complaint when an insurance company refused to renew his accident and health policy. "The nitwit doctor!" Fields sputtered, according to Fowler. "The nefarious quack claimed he found urine in my whiskey!"

Hecht's book "Child of the Century" is his autobiography and, as did Hecht, covers a lot of ground. Some of its most riotous tales are of that Chicago police-court era from which Hecht and Charles MacArthur later made the best of all comedy-melodramas, "The Front Page." The following paragraph from his new book sent me hunting through my bookshelves:

> My only important rivals were two men who worked on the Hearst paper *The Chicago American.* A more ominous pair of rogues have never crossed my path, for which I thank God. They broke my heart again and again, for toil, plot, cheat, rob, climb, and swindle though I might I was often no match for their combined cunning. They were named Roy Benzinger and T. Aloysius Tribaum.

Reading that paragraph, I had no idea whether Mr. Hecht ever got even with Mr. Tribaum. But Mr. Benzinger? That was something else again. What I hunted for on my bookshelves was my copy of "The Front Page." I was remembering that hypochondriacal pantywaist reporter who comes on during the first act complaining bitterly of the foul mouths and dirty habits of his fellow newsmen and otherwise primly tucking a handkerchief into his sleeve. He's the foil and dupe of all the other reporters and, in Act III, the victim of a thundering hoax. His name? Roy Bensinger. True, Hecht had changed the "z" in his rival's name to an "s". Probably on the advice of his crafty libel lawyer. But the account had been squared.

—ALAN GREEN.

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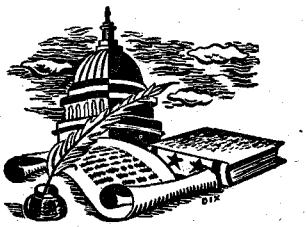
The Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 6, 1954



SHOULD AMERICAN HISTORY BE REWRITTEN?

A Debate Between Allan Nevins and Matthew Josephson

YES / By ALLAN NEVINS

Every so often, says the eminent historian Allan Nevins, the past should be viewed afresh from a new perspective. It is time, he suggests, to take another look at the last half-century of American progress and to re-evaluate the role played by the great industrialists of former years. Allan Nevins, who is professor of history at Columbia University, has adapted his article for SR *from an address he gave before the Society of American Archivists. Matthew Josephson (who first employed the phrase "robber barons" to describe America's turn-of-the-century industrialists) disputes the soundness of Nevins's thesis on page 9.*

ONE curious thing about history, as Philip Guedalla said, is that it really happened. Another curious fact about history is that while it was happening nobody really understood its meaning.

John Fiske, pausing one day in his young manhood before the window of Little, Brown & Co. in Boston, saw a volume within entitled "Pioneers of France in the New World" and noted that its author was identified as the man who had written "The Conspiracy of Pontiac." He remembered that when that earlier volume appeared he had wondered whether Pontiac was a barbarous chieftain of medieval Europe. He recalled also that some teacher at Harvard had once expressed the view that the French and Indian War was a dull squabble of no real significance to students of history. Passing on, Fiske wondered why anyone should write about French pioneers in America. He lived to pen an essay on Francis Parkman which not only placed that author at the head of American historians (where he yet stands), but recognized that the epic significance of the struggle of Britain and France for the mastery of North America—a significance which Parkman had first expounded—could hardly be overstated. An interpretation of our continental history which nowadays we assume no child could miss had been beyond the grasp of the brilliant young John Fiske in the 1860's.

The idea that history can ever be so well written that it does not need rewriting can be held only by those foolish people who think that history can ever ascertain exact truth. It cannot. We can go further than the assertion of that truism: we can say, "Fortunate for history that it cannot ascertain exact truth!" If history were a photograph of the past it would be flat and uninspiring. Happily, it is a painting; and, like all works of art, it fails of the highest truth unless imagination and ideas are mixed with the paints. A hundred photographs of London Bridge look just alike and convey altogether a very slight percentage of the truth, but Turner's Thames and Whistler's Thames, though utterly different, both convey the river with a deeper truth.

All parts of our history are always being rewritten; no segment of it, from 1492 to 1952, is not now in need of vigorous rewriting. Whenever an expert applies himself to the scrutiny of a special area he at once sounds a lusty call for more searching exploration of the terrain. Douglas Freeman, carrying Washington through the Revolution, agreed with Bernard Knollenberg, writing a history of that war, that every part of the Revolutionary struggle needs the most searching re-examination and the boldest reinterpretation. Merrill Jensen states in the preface to his study of the Confederation that the entire period 1783-1789 demands a study that will embrace every state and every act of Congress. There are men who believe that the historical study of the Civil War period has only just begun—and they are right. Margaret

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Leech, now completing a study of the McKinley Administration, is convinced that a hundred research workers should be set to exploration of the dark nooks and secret crannies of the time.

"In vain the sage, with retrospective eye," wrote Pope, "would from the apparent what conclude the why." The three main reasons why history constantly needs reinterpretation include something more than the impossibility of ever learning all the truth about all the motives and actions of the past.

The chief of the three reasons is the need of every generation for a reinterpretation to suit its own preconceptions, ideas, and outlook. Every era has its own climate of opinion. It thinks it knows more than the preceding era; it thinks it takes a wider view of the universe. Every era, too, is affected by cataclysmic events which shift its point of view; the French Revolution, the Metternichian reaction, the movement for national unification in Italy, the United States, and Germany, the apogee of Manchester Liberalism, and so on down to the multiple crisis of our atomic age. We see the past through a prism which glows and sparkles as new lights catch its facets. Much of the rewriting of history is a readjustment to this prism. George Bancroft's spectrum was outmoded a few years after his laborious "last revision"; Charles A. Beard's begins to be outworn today, for we now possess what Beard would have called a new frame of reference.

As a second reason, new tools of superior penetrative power are from time to time installed in the toolshed of even our rather unprogressive race of historians. Our council for research in the social sciences (it should be studies) justly emphasizes the value of overlapping disciplines. Much could be said for the contention that the best historians nowadays are prepared in some other field than that of history. Thus Wesley Clair Mitchell, the historian of the greenbacks, of business cycles, and of the ebb and flow of economic activity, whose National Bureau of Economic Research inspired so much fruitful historical writing, was trained as an economist. (He also was trained by John Dewey, who gave courses under all sorts of titles, but "every one of them dealt with the same subject—how we think.") Beard was trained as a political scientist. Parrington was trained as a student of literature. Carl Becker was trained in European history but wrote in the American field. James Henry Breasted was first trained in theology, a fact which stood him in good stead when this pioneer of Egyptology in America began to trace the development of conscience and religion in the Ancient East. Not one historian in fifty knows as much as he should of the tool called statistics, or of psychology, or of economic geography, or of ecology. The kinship between Halford J. Mackinder, the geographer, and Frederick J. Turner, the historian, in loosing seminal ideas showed what the geographer could learn from history, and the historian from geography.

But the third great reason why history is rewritten is simply because the constant discovery of new materials necessitates a recasting of our view of the past. We might think that this would one day cease, but it never does. Everyone who has laboriously mapped any historical subject appreciates the impact of new facts upon that map, blurring some lines and defining new ones. Happy are those who live to rewrite their books, as Parkman rewrote one of his—"LaSalle and the Great West." One would have said that all the materials for a history of the Revolution had been assembled in print by the innumerable agencies, local, state, and national, devoted to that effort, but Freeman assures us that the great archives like the Massachusetts Historical Society, the American Philosophical Society, and the main state libraries bulge with unstudied documents. One would have said that all the material for the history of the Confederate War Office had been studied and restudied; but, behold!, the diary of the third officer of that department, Kean, is suddenly deposited in the University of Virginia, and we find it possible to make a sweeping reassessment of the Southern military administration.

Thus, the idea that history is photography is set at naught. It is art; it constantly requires a new mixture of pigments, new points of view, new manipulation of light and shade; and as an art it presents an endless challenge to the writer who perceives that the highest truth of history will always transcend a statement of fact; that, indeed, historical fact is but a foundation for the truth won by imagination and intellectual power.

The best history is always interpretive, but this does not mean that the best history is consciously or ostentatiously interpretive. The work of the historical masters, from Thucydides to Trevelyan, illustrates the fact that interpretation is most effective when implicit rather than explicit. The true historical attitude is a search for truth about a situation, force, or event—the War of 1812, the Abolitionist impulse, Pearl Harbor—which slowly, painfully, accurately dredges up an unforeseen interpretation. That is, history properly operates by the inductive, not the deductive, method. The merit of an Olympian historian like Parkman is that he says in effect: "Let us collect and collate all the relevant facts and find what conclusions emerge from their impartial analysis." The cardinal weakness of a controversial historian like Beard is that he repeatedly gave the impression—perhaps falsely—of having said to himself: "Let us take this provocative theory of the truth, and see how impressive an array of facts we can collect in its support." Ideas in history, that is, should be applied in subordination to the ascertainment of all the facts, and not in control of the ascertainment of one picked body of facts. Hence it is that nothing could be more absurd than to try to predict in advance the interpretations to be applied to our history by future writers—who will certainly go their own way. But we may legitimately make some guesses—they are not prophecies, but mere guesses, offered with due modesty—as to the drift of some of the new interpretations.

AS AMERICAN history lengthens and the past falls into longer perspective, we tend not so much to discard major interpretations entirely as to place new ones beside them; not so much to substitute one simple synthesis for another as to embrace old monistic views in a new and complex synthesis. During the first century of our national history, 1775-1875, three great dominant developments lift themselves above all others. They are the establishment of American Independence, political, economic, and finally cultural, from Europe; the westward movement for the conquest and development of the continent; and the abolition of slavery and a Southern way of life in a civil war which vindicated national unity. Some students, to be sure, would select other elements in our historical fabric, but three special students out of five and nine lay readers out of ten would, I believe, choose these. Now it is evident to a cursory view that each of the three lent itself at first to a simple monistic interpretation, expounded in the work even of subtle historians; and that within one or two generations this simple view of the past was replaced by a dual or multiple interpretation. What had been a flat telescopic image was given depth and reality by a stereopticon lens.

Thus it was that the old simple view

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of the Revolution as a politico-military struggle was amplified and enriched by subsequent views of the Revolution as a great movement for social and institutional change of a purely internal character. The old simple view of the conflict of North and South as centering in the slavery struggle was widened and deepened by later treatments of that collision as arising also from the increasing moral, social, economic, and cultural differences between the two sections. The old simple view of westward expansion as significant for what the pioneer did in changing the wilderness was immensely enlarged by Turner's thesis that a greater significance lay in what the wilderness did in changing the pioneer.

NOWADAYS the character of a fourth great development, accomplished and sealed in the last fifty years of our national life, can hardly be missed. On that new phase of our history, too, general agreement will perhaps be found. We have become first a great world power, and then *the* great world power. We have moved first into the open arena of world affairs, and then into the very center of that arena. We now view our national past from the vantage-point of this new turn, and with the changed perspective which it gives us.

Just as John Fiske saw our history from 1607 to 1789 as an evolutionary preparation for the gift of practical democracy and the Anglo-American principle of self-government to the world in the shape of our Constitution and Federal system; just as Von Holst saw the whole period from 1776 to 1861 as a preparation for the vindication of human liberty and national unity; so now we have historians who view our whole national life as an unconscious preparation for the time when we should become Protector of the Faith for all democratic peoples; when, having turned away from Western European affairs until we gained first place among the nations, we returned to them as the pivot and support of Western European civilization. These writers regard American history not in terms of the Western continent, but in terms of an Atlantic community. We find, indeed, that we never left that community; that the Seven Years' War was our first world war, the Revolution our second; that we have but awakened to our consciousness of a global role. And when these historians write of our national future they speak not of short-term objects, but of what Lincoln called "man's vast future."

This tremendous change of the past forty or fifty years—this emergence

(*Continued on page* 47)

—*From "The Red Badge of Courage."*

Benedetto Croce: "All true history is contemporary history."

SHOULD AMERICAN HISTORY BE REWRITTEN?

NO /

By MATTHEW JOSEPHSON, *author of "The Robber Barons" and other books on American history.*

WHEN Professor Nevins read the foregoing paper before the Society of American Archivists in Dearborn, Michigan, the newspapers rose to the significance of certain passages in it as foreshadowing a new fashion in our historical writing. These were quoted very widely, in some cases, under fairly alarming headlines, such as that in *The New York Times* for September 20, 1953:

REWRITING HISTORY IS URGED BY NEVINS

Our writers and scholars had been growing a bit edgy at reports of the banning and burning of books and of the predations of Senator McCarthy and his "literary department" in the republic of letters. Now came news that Professor Nevins was out to "rewrite" some of our recent history and it gave many persons quite a turn. He has been saying much the same things for several years and with less reservation or prudence than in the Dearborn lecture. In the 1953 edition of his biography of John D. Rockefeller ("A Study in Power"), as earlier, in August 1951, before a meeting of history teachers at Stanford University, he had asserted that many of our contemporary writers had done grave injustice to

> . . . the leaders of our material growth—the Rockefellers, Carnegies, Hills, and Morgans . . . In the past our historians tended to a feminine idealism. They were apologetic about our dollars, our race to wealth, our materialism. . . . They spoke scornfully of the robber barons who were not robber barons at all: they intimated that America had grown too fast.

Professor Samuel Eliot Morison, president of the American Historical Association, sounded the same notes last year in an address before that learned body. He assailed the tendency to the "economic interpretation" of our history as exemplified by Charles Beard, and he went to great lengths to castigate the "debunkers" who in the 1930's and 1940's, by their excessively critical spirit, as he argued, often insulted our "folk-memories," stripped America's "great figures" of all virtue, all nobility, and in fact of their greatness. Mr. Morison, therefore, urged that our damaged heroes should be salvaged from the historical junk heaps where they had been consigned, that they be patched up, varnished, and made to look like real antiques. At the same time *Fortune* magazine, which candidly glorifies our large corporate enterprises, in April 1952 published a long article by E. N. Saveth surveying the many injuries done to the repute of our business class by American historians old and new, from Parkman and Prescott,

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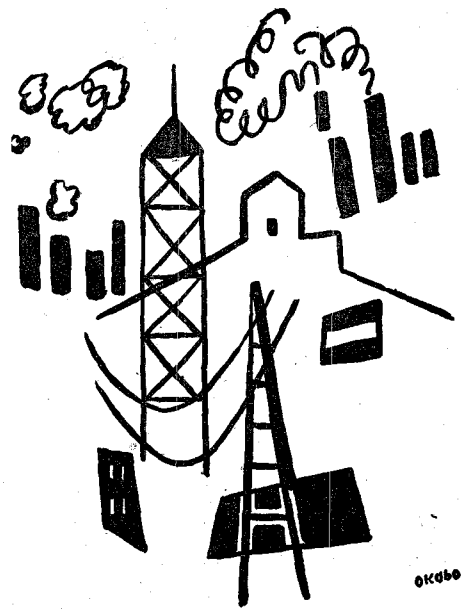
down to Henry Adams, Beard, and the other so-called "muckrakers." All this had made for "bad" public relations and needed much correcting, *Fortune* noted, if businessmen were to avoid new reform measures by the Government.

These facts are mentioned to indicate the context in which Professor Nevins dropped his latest remarks on how our history should be rewritten. It has all added up to quite a campaign. Assuredly, "every era has its own climate of opinion," as he observes. The present (though by a narrow electoral margin) has assumed some of the character of a Restoration, with our own Stuarts and Bourbons coming in again where they left off. The "revisionists" of history are now much concerned that our masters of heavy industry and finance be given their due.

How different was the climate of 1933 when, as it happened, I wrote my own study of our nineteenth-century industrialists and, in a spirit of good clean fun, entitled it "The Robber Barons." There were some fifteen millions unemployed in our cities; our farmers were up in arms literally; our most prominent financiers were being investigated or tried or were in flight abroad. Never were the creative contributions of our big business leadership rated so low. As for the term "robber barons," it was not of my own coinage, but was drawn from the folklore of the Kansas Greenbackers and Populists of the 1880's who had their experience with the Jay Gould type.

TODAY is a different day, and the prevailing trade winds in this country drive us toward mental conformity. Our university scholars are but made of flesh. Even the Justices of the Supreme Court, it has been long said, "follow the election returns" in handing down their opinions. Should historians lag far behind in judging the shift of political power to conservative hands? Reflecting upon Mr. Nevins's timely advice that we assume "a more appreciative attitude" toward the architects of our prosperity and progress, we can imagine whole flocks of historians, large and small, hastening to change their old liberal lights for new. Where only a decade or two ago they, like Mr. Nevins himself, were fairly strong for the New Deal, we may fancy them, henceforth, writing panegyrics on the wisdom, courage, and moral beauty of FDR's enemies, the economic royalists.

The talk of rewriting our history inevitably brings to mind the nightmare vision of George Orwell's "Nineteen Eighty-Four," with its regiments of poor intellectual helots in the labyrinthine skyscrapers of the Ministry



of Truth retouching records, destroying old documents, removing all trace of liberal and democratic ideas. Orwell's anti-utopian fantasy was, of course, based on the Nazi creation of a Federal Institute for the History of the New Germany and on the revision of the history of Soviet Russia under Stalin's direction. Will the New History of this country, too, be rewritten as crude propaganda for the party in power? Will Franklin Roosevelt be trimmed down to size—say that of Calvin Coolidge—and Henry Ford be given wings and a harp? Will the art of Tacitus, Voltaire, and Gibbon be reduced to a public-relations job?

Perish the thought. The last person to recommend such a program would be Allan Nevins, who has long conducted himself as a sincere democrat. But his proposals for "revision" have been to my mind ill conceived and ill timed. Ill timed because these are days when the works and ideas of some of our most creative thinkers, such as Oliver Wendell Holmes, Veblen, and John Dewey, have come under suspicion and attack by overheated patriots. Ill timed because history books long esteemed and profitably studied have been banned; because many writers and teachers of history show increasing fear to use their faculties on the materials and lessons of the past. Mr. Nevins's example, termed in some university circles "a harbinger of coming revisionism," will scarcely spread courage.

To be sure, history is always being rewritten. As Benedetto Croce said: "All true history is contemporary history." We write not for the dead but for the living. Yet in the past, change in the art has been a slow alembic process carrying it away from myth, romance, and superstition toward an ever more rational chronicle of the past. Thucydides vowed that he would eschew romance. Gibbon, as a man of the Enlightenment, rewrote the early Christian historians; and the men of the "scientific" school of Ranke in the next century tried to correct Gibbon. But seldom before have serious historians come with proposals to lay aside the tools of exact knowledge and place important figures of the past in the setting of romance or myth.

THE revisionists have singled out Beard for punishment, because he was stubbornly unromantic about our tycoons and, as they contend, contributed more than almost any other to the formation of a skeptical attitude toward our institutions among the intellectuals of the 1930's and 1940's. His highly documented "Economic Interpretation of the American Constitution," as Dr. Morison would now say, "debunked" the Founding Fathers. Here, by a semantic device, the word "debunk" is used in the pejorative sense. But is it not honorable to eliminate bunk or buncombe? Is America not great and strong enough to do without Washington's cherry tree and Sheridan's fictitious ride? Beard's best-known work, "The Rise of American Civilization," done in collaboration with his wife, described the industrial revolution after the Civil War and the coming of the great monopolies in a coolly critical spirit. Most intelligent Americans of that era generally regarded the men of the trusts and the railway combinations with intense fear and said, with Henry Adams, that Rockefeller, Morgan, and the trusts were "doing their best" to bring on a social revolution. The masters of industry and finance were, after all, hauled into court year after year as "conspirators" against the rights of other American businessmen and farmers to engage in competitive enterprise; and the politicians of both major parties vied with each other in enacting laws regulating the monopolists. Nevins does not deny all this, but holds that Beard was not "objective"; that he wrote of the "barons" of pork, oil, or sugar with the *partipris* of an economic determinist; that the Rockefellers were "better" than Beard and his intellectual kin believed, or worked better than they knew to build up empires in industry or mass-production plants that transformed an agrarian America into the world's most powerful industrial nation.

To be sure, Charles Beard began his studies during the spectacular industrial and political conflicts of the 1890's; he was influenced, moreover, when he studied at Oxford, by the Fabian Socialists, as well as by the reading of Marx. In those days the

(*Continued on page* 44)

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Case of Military Miscegenation

"Sayonara," by James Michener *(Random House. 243 pp. $3), tells of the romance of an American flyer and a Japanese actress in present-day Japan. Here it is reviewed by Frank Gibney, author of "Five Gentlemen of Japan," who served as a correspondent in Japan for* Time.

By Frank Gibney

MADAME Butterfly is a spry old girl. She has the phoenix's gift for popping up in each succeeding generation, fortified by a new hair-do and a new crop of Pinkertons. To say this is not to underestimate her dramatic value, or the validity of her situation. The impact of East-meeting-West puts a heavy strain on any boy-meets-girl relationship. The cultural and personal tensions caused are extreme, and often tragic. Since the United States Occupation of Japan these tensions have, at least, grown more familiar—and they have been defied in an unprecedented way. Some 10,000 American servicemen, legal and traditional obstacles notwithstanding, have married Japanese girls. Some of the marriages have been happy, some have badly backfired. And for each Japanese-American couple which got to the altar there have been many others who parted sadly and hesitantly, with at least one of the pair not understanding why the parting had to be.

James Michener, who has spent quite a bit of time in Japan and Korea during the last few years, was quick to notice the drama of the G.I.'s and their new Butterflys. He grasped the void of cultures which the Occupation romancers had to span, and the tenseness of their struggles. He felt the injustice of the official American stand on such marriages—which made it vastly harder for a G.I. to marry a Japanese than, say, a German—and for the same basic color prejudice on which California's and the nation's exclusions were based. Like other perceptive Westerners, he was moved by the peculiar and rather tragic dignity of the Japanese woman. As the hero of "Sayonara" puts it, in a moment of rare perception, they had an "unbelievable combination of unremitting work, endless suffering, and boundless warmth." (An early trip to Japan for instance might have saved Philip Wylie boundless trouble; he would have found mom a charming homebody and concentrated, perhaps, on denigrating "poppism.")

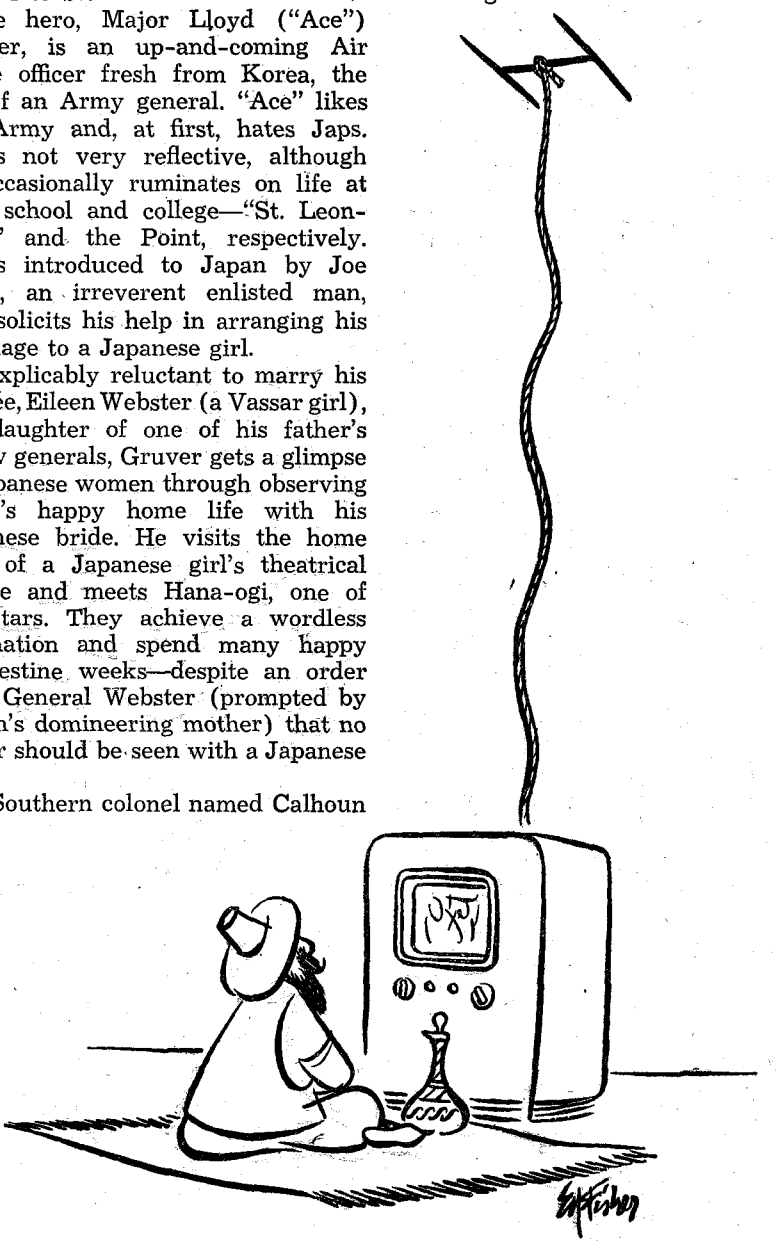
Michener's result, besides its valid subject matter, has all the qualities that should make a book (and a movie) a considerable popular success: uncomplicated characters, beautiful girls, and one double suicide. It does not rank with his earlier good books, however, and there are only a few flashes in it of the sympathetic observer and the fine literary reporter that Michener has proved himself to be.

The hero, Major Lloyd ("Ace") Gruver, is an up-and-coming Air Force officer fresh from Korea, the son of an Army general. "Ace" likes the Army and, at first, hates Japs. He is not very reflective, although he occasionally ruminates on life at prep school and college—"St. Leonard's" and the Point, respectively. He is introduced to Japan by Joe Kelly, an irreverent enlisted man, who solicits his help in arranging his marriage to a Japanese girl.

Inexplicably reluctant to marry his fiancée, Eileen Webster (a Vassar girl), the daughter of one of his father's fellow generals, Gruver gets a glimpse of Japanese women through observing Kelly's happy home life with his Japanese bride. He visits the home base of a Japanese girl's theatrical troupe and meets Hana-ogi, one of the stars. They achieve a wordless fascination and spend many happy clandestine weeks—despite an order from General Webster (prompted by Eileen's domineering mother) that no officer should be seen with a Japanese girl.

A Southern colonel named Calhoun Craford sets his M.P.'s on Gruver's trail and, to express further his anti-Japanese feelings, orders poor Kelly back to the States. After a fast flurry Kelly and wife commit suicide. Gruver and Hana-ogi reluctantly call it quits, and it's back to the States, Eileen, and a lieutenant-colonelcy for "Ace."

There are moments in the book when the reader can just glimpse the clash of two cultures, tragically wanting to get together. There is, for instance, a provocative discussion in an art shop about Eastern and Western tastes. The Japanese woman is given full points for her quiet understanding and the resilient toughness behind her gentle manners. (The American woman in the book I wouldn't want to be seen dead with.) But everything happens too quickly, too stiffly, and too neatly to make this the full, complicated, and truly tragic picture of Madame Butterfly, 1954, and the G.I. who buys her lingerie at the Post Exchange.



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Babbitt's Redemption

"God and My Country," by MacKinlay Kantor *(World. 128 pp. $2), is the life story of a clothing-store clerk who served his town and his country in a quietly admirable fashion.*

By Kenneth S. Davis

SAMUEL SIDDONS, scoutmaster of the Hickory (Iowa) troop of Boy Scouts, has just dismissed the Friday night troop meeting, held on the third floor of the schoolhouse. He has some paper work to do—forms to fill out for the transmittal to national headquarters—but he can't get at it. Tomorrow is the fortieth anniversary of his entrance into Boy Scout work, and memories of those forty years come flooding through his mind. It is through these memories that Mr. Kantor tells his slickly nostalgic, yet warmly sympathetic story, "God and My Country."

Family responsibilities kept the youthful Lem from leaving his small home town for larger and greener pastures as most of his ambitious contemporaries were doing. (An earlier shorter version of his story was published in *The Saturday Evening Post* under the title "The Man Who Stayed Home.") He was unable even to enlist in the Army during World War I, having strained his heart by overwork while attending Iowa State College. Moreover, though he was a likable fellow, there was nothing obviously brilliant about him; he seemed to have no special talents or any desire to make a name for himself in the great world. He appeared content in his small job as clerk in a clothing store.

But Lem Siddons did like boys. He understood them, and had a way with them: he worked some miracles of transformation on one or two potential delinquents. So it was natural that he be asked by the town fathers to take charge of the Boy Scout movement in Hickory when they decided one was needed to keep their boys on the straight and narrow; it was even more natural that Lem accept the offer. All his essential life, thereafter, was involved in Scouting, and it is fitting that his story be labeled with a key phrase from the Boy Scout oath.

Illustrations by John O'Hara Cosgrave II for "God and My Country."

Lem's has been a quiet life, but profoundly happy and rewarding in its human relations. His influence for good has not only permeated his home community but reached literally around the world as his "boys" have gone forth from Hickory. His marriage has remained a love match through all the years of its existence and, though his only child, a son, was killed in a plane crash while en route to Korea, the tragedy did not occur before a grandson, Johnny, had been born. Johnny has just received his Tenderfoot badge as a Scout on the night when all this remembering takes place. And as the book ends it is clear that Lem is to receive a great popular ovation (the governor will be there and the press) when, next week, a banquet is held in his honor. It's a tribute he richly deserves. . . .

In the first decade of our country, when moral uplift was deemed the chief justification of popular art, reviewers used to praise novels with words like "clean," "wholesome," and "inspiring." These words apply most emphatically to Mr. Kantor's latest offering. There are clear echoes here of Mr. Chips, more muffled ones from "The Great Stone Face"; and Virginia Kirkus is abundantly justified in describing the book, as she does in quoted statements on the jacket, in the moralistic terms of "American vision" and "true democracy." Here, she adds, is a "microcosm of America that strengthens one's faith."

Obviously it was designed to do so—and it is perhaps significant of our changing mood that this fact does not seem as automatically derogatory of the artist as it would have a few years back. At any rate, it is a tribute to Mr. Kantor's storytelling skill that his simple tale (one is supposed to say "deceptively simple," but I regard that phrase as deceptive itself in the present case) firmly grasps and holds the reader's interest and arouses at least some of the emotions it was intended to arouse.

Long Iron Rails

"One Way to Eldorado," by Hollister Noble *(Doubleday. 286 pp. $3.50), is a novel about railroading in the Far West.*

By Harrison Smith

THERE is a wide gap in time and subject matter between "Woman with a Sword," Hollister Noble's successful Civil War novel of five years ago, and "One Way to Eldorado," his melodramatic and fascinating story of men and mighty engines hauling coaches and freight over an eight-thousand-foot pass in the high Sierras. The Mountain Division of the Great Western Railroad, a hair-raising stretch of high iron twisting along canyons, through tunnels and snow sheds to Eldorado Summit, where the vast mass of Sentinel Peak made a perfect funnel for avalanches, is an awesome invention of Mr. Noble.

The hero of the story is Howard Bierce, a young trouble-shooter for Great Western. He was headed East for a vacation in New York with his wife when he suddenly decided to drop off the train at Pioneer Gap, a bleak mountain village.

The Gap was a strange place in summer or winter. There was a small and ancient hotel where three or four attractive young women kept a restaurant and miniature night club going, thus furnishing the romantic element for the novel. A few miles away a syndicate of gamblers was having a thin time of it, but their sinister designs are soon obvious to the reader. Bierce started his vacation by unwisely slugging one of them for annoying a girl he was fond of. As the storm increased and the snow piled up the tensions between his friends increased. The novel reaches its climax when a load of gold bullion and a few million dollars of banknotes are hijacked from a stalled train. The bandits manage to take some of the loot to one of the abandoned mines in the famous Comstock Lode on the outskirts of Virginia City. Two of the robbers are discovered to be old friends of Bierce.

The fact is that the plot of "One Way to Eldorado" is never as interesting as Mr. Noble's account of the Great Western. His absorption in the complex details of running a mountain railroad and the history of the development of the trains and engines over the years is so complete that the reader often feels that the amorous difficulties of his characters are merely trimmings with which he might have dispensed.

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Riches of Pluto

"The Blue Chip," by Ysabel Rennie *(Harper. 307 pp. $3.50), is the story of an Arizona copper mine and the men who worked it, as seen through the eyes of a boy. Mari Sandoz, who reviews it here, is the author of "Cheyenne Autumn" and other books about the West.*

By Mari Sandoz

ALMOST everyone is attracted by the romance of a rich mine strike, preferably gold until uranium grew important. Yet baser metals can produce as much drama and even larger fortunes. Ysabel Rennie's "The Blue Chip" is the story of an Arizona copper mine, told by old Tom Packer looking back more than sixty years to his boyhood. Through the wondering, the fresh, and often discerning eyes of the boy the reader sees the discovery of the mine, its swift development, the fight to hold it against an Indian claim, and finally from the traditional mine enemies—cave-ins and flooding.

Young Tommy's father, Jim Packer, was a mining engineer, as hard-bitten by the prospecting bug as any whiskered old sourdough with a burro and a gold pan. Such a character fascinated young Tommy and his brother. To Jim Packer bearing samples that tested 20 per cent copper came Old Uncle Jake Feeley, who had been chasing rainbows all his life, when he wasn't cadging drinks and sleeping them off. The Packers rescued Jake; the mine he had discovered, the Blue Chip, was safely entered and safely financed by a third partner, a banker who had made a fortune in the Comstock.

A new town boomed, drawing Americans, Europeans, and many Mexicans, too, with a definite line drawn against the latter. There were saloons, gambling dens, gay women, and some not so gay. Under the hand of Mrs. Packer there was a school, a rein on the two boys. Although the Apache claim had to be fought in court, the real danger to the Blue Chip was something from within, where most defeats originate.

This entertaining novel is told with humor and poignancy. Occasionally, however, the illusion is broken by anachronisms. Mrs. Packer's school gives the pledge of allegiance to the flag in 1891, although this was apparently first published in *The Youth's Companion* in 1892. Old Jake says "mighty poor casting," not about a piece of mine equipment but in the Broadway sense. And certainly photography was past the tintype stage long before 1890.

Ysabel Rennie—"shooting star."

Marcel Aymé—"racy and pungent."

Old Jake Feeley is a natural to the region and the time, but he is trapped by something very like a will-to-failure. He has two partners to run the business, Tommy to idolize him, and some other, less public attachments. True, he goes hog-wild, strike-wild with riches and buys everything offered to him, with young Tommy trailing along, admiring and uneasy. But this joy pinches out and Jake lets his money accumulate in his bureau drawer and dozes at his desk while others fight to hold the Blue Chip and keep it operating. The one time he is left in charge calamity strikes and, while it is not his fault, Jake plunges into this defeat as into any bender. Afterward there is still the $50,000 in his dresser and all his share in the Blue Chip.

Ysabel Rennie understands that to the born prospector every thrown stone is a shooting star, and that every vein that pinches out, every tunnel that fills with water, is just another spur to the Uncle Jake Feeleys and the Jim Packers.

A Laugh at Murder

"The Secret Stream," by Marcel Aymé *(translated by Norman Denny. Harper. 223 pp. $2.75), is an attempt to depict a sadistic murder and its aftermath in terms of comedy.*

By Henri Peyre

WE are wont to mourn the disappearance of the comic spirit in our age of anxiety. There is indeed much that is depressingly metaphysical in the literature of our mid-century, and much anguished search for reasons to justify life, with perhaps some secret desire not to find those mysterious reasons. Yet from France, where laughter in the midst of gloom has always been a tradition, several comic writers have lately come out: they have not fared too well in this country. André Roussin, the playwright of "The Little Hut"; Anouilh when he is most comical; Prevert, the poet of the light-hearted absurd; even Queneau, the most substantial of the French humorists and creators of language, have not yet conquered their American audience.

Marcel Aymé has had several novels translated in America already, and has even been set up by zealous admirers as the paragon of traditional French literary values, the antithesis and rival of the Existentialists. He has been a superb storyteller occasionally, a racy and pungent satirist, and even a highly skilful playwright. In the full-length novel, however, he has not, in my opinion, met with any comparable success. "The Second Face," translated in 1952, was excellent in parts and its *vis comica* only flagged toward the dénouement. "The Secret Stream" (in French "Le Moulin de la sourdine") has only rare successful moments, few and far between; the author indulges in too much padding and resorting to threadbare comic devices to hold the loose pieces of his story together.

The main body of the novel, which is in truth more like a succession of disjointed short stories and of occasionally entertaining sketches, is concerned with the delineation of bands of hoodlums in the least reputable quarter of some provincial French city. They fight and break window-panes and play pranks on portly and kindly Police Sergeant Maillard and his constables. They run away from school to associate with outcasts such as Troussequin, a repulsive monster, short-legged, broad-shouldered, whose animal jaw and devilish grin

(*Continued on page* 44)

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MESCALIN—AN ANSWER TO CIGARETTES?

"The Doors of Perception" *(Harper. 79 pp. $1.50) is an essay in which Aldous Huxley, the well-known novelist and essayist, describes the effects of mescalin, a little-known drug of unusual qualities. In the paragraphs below, reprinted by permission of Harper and Brothers, are excerpts from the book, descriptions and explanations of the effects of mescalin. Following the excerpts* SR *prints the comments of W. C. Cutting, M.D., on the staff of the Stanford University Medical School, and James S. Slotkin, an anthropologist with the University of Chicago.*

By ALDOUS HUXLEY

MOST MEN AND WOMEN lead lives at the worst so painful, at the best so monotonous, poor, and limited that the urge to escape, the longing to transcend themselves if only for a few moments, is and has always been one of the principal appetites of the soul. Art and religion, carnivals and saturnalia, dancing and listening to oratory—all these have served, in H. G. Wells's phrase, as "doors in the wall." And for private, for everyday use there have always been chemical intoxicants.

* * *

MOST OF THESE modifiers of consciousness cannot now be taken except under doctor's orders, or else illegally and at considerable risk. For unrestricted use the West has permitted only alcohol and tobacco. All the other chemical doors in the wall are labeled "dope," and their unauthorized takers are fiends.

* * *

WE NOW SPEND A good deal more on drink and smoke than we spend on education, This, of course, is not surprising. The urge to escape from selfhood and the environment is in almost everyone almost all the time. The urge to do something for the young is strong only in parents, and in them only for the few years during which their children go to school. Equally unsurprising is the current attitude toward drink and smoke. In spite of the growing army of hopeless alcoholics, in spite of the hundreds of thousands of persons annually maimed or killed by drunken drivers, popular comedians still crack jokes about alcohol and its addicts. And in spite of the evidence linking cigarettes with lung cancer, practically everybody regards tobacco smoking as being hardly less normal and natural than eating.

* * *

TO MOST PEOPLE, mescalin is almost completely innocuous. Unlike alcohol, it does not drive the taker into the kind of uninhibited action which results in brawls, crimes of violence, and traffic accidents. A man under the influence of mescalin quietly minds his own business. Moreover, the business he minds is an experience of the most enlightening kind, which does not have to be paid for (and this is surely important) by a compensatory hangover. Of the long-range consequences of regular mescalin taking we know very little. The Indians who consume peyote buttons do not seem to be physically or morally degraded by the habit. However, the available evidence is still scarce and sketchy.

* * *

OURS IS THE AGE, among other things, of the automobile and of rocketing population. Alcohol is incompatible with safety on the roads, and its production, like that of tobacco, condemns to virtual sterility many millions of acres of the most fertile soil. The problems raised by alcohol and tobacco cannot, it goes without saying, be solved by prohibition. The universal and ever-present urge to self-transcendence is not to be abolished by slamming the currently popular doors in the wall. The only reasonable policy is to open other, better doors in the hope of inducing men and women to exchange their old bad habits for new and less harmful ones. Some of these other, better doors will be social and technological in nature, others religious or psychological, others dietetic, educational, athletic. But the need for frequent chemical vacations from intolerable selfhood and repulsive surroundings will undoubtedly remain. What is needed is a new drug which will relieve and console our suffering species without doing more harm in the long run than it does good in the short. Such a drug must be potent in minute doses and synthesizable. If it does not possess these qualities its production, like that of wine, beer, spirits, and tobacco, will interfere with the raising of indispensable food and fibers.

* * *

ALTHOUGH OBVIOUSLY SUPERIOR to cocaine, opium, alcohol, and tobacco, mescalin is not yet the ideal drug. Along with the happily transfigured majority of mescalin takers there is a minority that finds in the drug only hell or purgatory. Moreover, for a drug that is to be used, like alcohol, for general consumption its effects last for an inconveniently long time. But chemistry and physiology are capable nowadays of practically anything. If the psychologists and sociologists will define the ideal the neurologists and pharmacologists can be relied upon to discover the means whereby that ideal can be realized or at least (for perhaps this kind of ideal can never, in the very nature of things, be fully realized) more nearly approached than in the wine-bibbing past, the whisky-drinking, marijuana-smoking, and barbiturate-swallowing present.

The Anthropologist

MY OWN first-hand knowledge of peyote is limited to its use as a religious sacrament among American Indians. I find it hard to generalize about its effects, because it seems to produce different psychobiological results when taken by non-peyotist members of Western culture—an interesting example of cultural influences upon psychobiological phenomena, and itself worth studying.

On the basis of my own experience and observations (under the restrictions just mentioned) I doubt if peyote would qualify as an

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"artificial paradise" of the sort Mr. Huxley is seeking. The dried peyote "button," or the "tea" made from it, usually does not have a pleasant taste, and often produces violent vomiting. Neither euphoria nor hyperactivity results, and there need not be significant hallucinations. What it does do remarkably well is to permit a mystically inclined person to have a mystical experience fairly easily and for relatively long periods of time. This is the primary reason for its use by the native American church (popularly known as the "peyote cult").

I do not think that most middle-class Americans would be interested in these effects of peyote. Certainly they would not find it a substitute for tobacco, alcohol, barbiturates, or benzedrine.

—J. S. SLOTKIN.

The Physician

IT IS TRUE that it is human nature to seek escape from life's problems in one way or another. The neuroses in us all are means for this; and probably the most common. To counter them tobacco, alcohol, and drugs are widely used. It is obvious, I believe, that escape from problems is less satisfactory than their solution, but I grant that this is a counsel of perfection. I would say, however, that alcohol, tobacco, and the like are not used only to escape from problems, but that at least alcohol and tobacco are even more widely used as simple, moderate pleasures without the stern overtones of the above. In this light I see them as relatively satisfactory and innocuous. Here the hazard is not of excess, but of the small inherent danger peculiar to some of the drugs themselves. I am thinking particularly of the slightly increased chance of lung cancer that almost surely comes from even moderately heavy cigarette smoking.

As to peyote, I think, without much competency, that its dangers are probably minimal. Whether it would present a more perfect solution, or whether a drug yet to be synthesized would be such, and so fulfil Mr. Huxley's goal of a safe escape, I do not know. I would be inclined to doubt it, however, because as the natural history of any drug is disclosed almost always it turns out to have at least minimal hazards.

—W.C. CUTTING.

OUR TIMES

Duce and Doomsday

"Prelude to World War II," by Gaetano Salvemini *(Doubleday. 519 pp. $7.50), traces international relations from the rise of Mussolini to the conquest of Ethiopia. Here it is reviewed by Quincy Howe, who is at work on "The World Between the Wars," a three-volume history of which two have appeared thus far.*

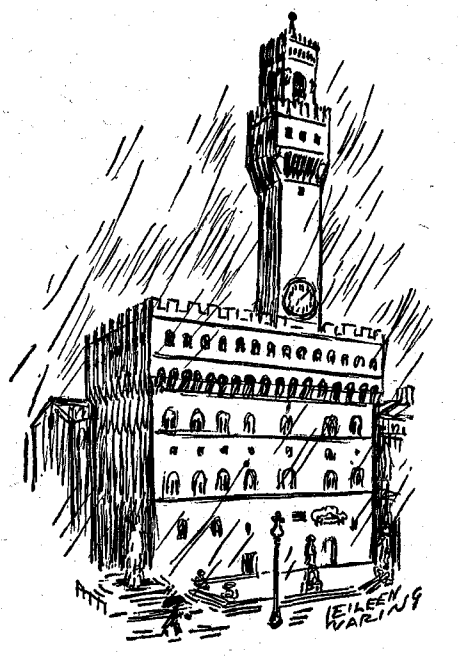
By Quincy Howe

PROFESSOR Gaetano Salvemini is an historian in the great tradition —a scholar and man of letters, with an independent, inquiring mind. These are the qualities that run through his "Prelude to World War II," which begins with the rise of Mussolini and ends with the conquest of Ethiopia: he has no thesis of ideology to prove, no hero to defend, no villain to pillory. He claims no exclusive access to confidential files. He makes no mention of the part that he himself sometimes played in the events he covers. He prefers to write history the hard way, going back to the original documents, both diplomatic and journalistic, and then presenting his conclusions in the light of a long lifetime of action and contemplation alike.

Professor Salvemini warns in his preface that he bans such "collective terms" as "Britain," "Germany," "Italy." What concerns him are "the men of flesh and blood who stand behind those words." Mussolini plays the leading role in this story, and Salvemini paraphrases the opinions expressed by a former Italian police chief named Senise: "It was often said that he was hoodwinked by everybody. That is true. He had an infinite contempt for all men, with the sole exception of himself. Intelligence, judgment, uprightness he scorned. He used to boast of never having friends. He did not care about integrity in public life. His indifference arose out of his natural habit of despising everyone." Although Salvemini places guilt for the Ethiopian war "squarely on the shoulders of Mussolini," he describes Sir Austen Chamberlain and Pierre Laval as "accessories" who aided and abetted Mussolini "before the fact." Salvemini presents Sir Austen as pro-Italian rather than pro-French; Laval gets off much more easily, for Laval was willing to go to any lengths to keep on good terms with Italy in order to prevent Hitler and Mussolini from getting together.

Although Salvemini excoriates those who killed the League of Nations, rejected collective security, he prefers the real balance of power that a wise diplomacy might have established to the imaginary "preponderance of power" that Woodrow Wilson once proclaimed. The trouble was that the British Tories made two serious miscalculations. "In the Far East they thought that Russia was the stronger; so they sided with Japan. In Europe they thought that France was the stronger; so they sided with Germany." Salvemini regards the British Tories as stupid rather than evil men and he thinks less than nothing of Anthony Eden. He writes that Sir Samuel Hoare "wanted to help Mussolini and save him before some dangerous crisis occurred, whereas Eden was in favor of letting things go their own way until the crisis arrived, and then helping a humiliated Mussolini out."

Although a liberal optimist at heart, Professor Salvemini's head disposes him more toward skepticism, if not cynicism. "It has been said that if the League had existed in 1914 World War I would not have broken out. The truth is that if the League had existed in 1914, and had acted as it did in 1935, it would have appointed several dozen committees to find out what had



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happened while the German armies occupied Bordeaux and Marseilles." Salvemini also exonerates Mussolini of having "destroyed the fabric of international good faith. This is not true. Mussolini acted as a gangster. The fabric of good faith is not destroyed by gangsters. It is destroyed when the policemen and the judges are in connivance with the gangster. It was destroyed during the Ethiopian war, not by Mussolini, but by those British and French politicians who posed as the policemen of the League of Nations while actually they were Mussolini's accomplices." Hitler's later and greater aggressions differed from Mussolini's in that "the British and French Governments were not his wilful abettors."

If World War I arrived with the inevitability of Greek tragedy, the arrival of World War II recalls the tragedies of Shakespeare. A destiny, stronger than any individual, seemed to be impelling Europe toward inexorable doom in 1914. But the tragedy of 1939 was a tragedy of human character. On the one hand, several false messiahs harnessed the darkest fears and instincts of modern man to their political purposes. On the other hand, those who called themselves the leaders of Western civilization failed to rise to the challenge. But the war itself and even the Cold War that followed suggest that the human race can draw on resources that are not dreamt of in the philosophies of most politicians and many statesmen.

Professor Salvemini's long and detailed work proves that he knows how to harness these resources to the historian's purpose.

The Rottenness in Russia

"Our Secret Allies," by Eugene Lyons *(Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 376 pp. $4.50), is a plea by a onetime Moscow correspondent for Americans to seek allies against the Kremlin within the USSR itself. Here it is reviewed by Frank Rounds, Jr., who served at the U. S. Embassy in Moscow and later wrote "A Window on Red Square."*

By Frank Rounds, Jr.

WILL there be in our lifetime another Russian revolution?

Ever since the rebellion of Bolotnikov in the early years of the seventeenth century the Russian people, in one way or another, have revolted against enslavement. We know very little about Bolotnikov—only that his was the first large-scale peasant revolt in Russia's modern history, a spontaneous movement of the lower classes. We know a little more about the rebellion of Razin, the Russian Robin Hood, who led his Cossacks and serfs up the Volga in 1670-1671. Much more, of course, is recorded about the more recent uprisings in this long series of mass revolts: the celebrated Pugachev rebellion in the reign of Catherine the Great, the 1905 revolution, and the revolution of March 1917 (as distinguished from Lenin's counterrevolution the following November).

Will the Russian peoples try once again to liberate themselves, this time from the most brutal and efficient masters in their history—and, if so, how?

In "Our Secret Allies" Eugene Lyons, hard at the heels of Robert Magidoff ("The Kremlin vs. the People"), gives us the background we need in answering this all-important question—the question that today is being argued bitterly back and forth in many walks of American life, and at all levels: whether George Kennan is presenting to John Foster Dulles the possibility of "evolution" rather than "revolution"; or whether George Fischer is reviewing F. B. Czarnomski's new book, "Can Russia Survive?"; or whether Ukrainian *émigrés* are defending or attacking the American Committee for Liberation from Bolshevism.

In the latest of his many books on the USSR Lyons, who was born in Russia and later spent six years in the Soviet Union as a foreign correspondent, presents the awful facts with authority and with eloquence. A central theme runs through his masterful and moving 300-page summary of the hateful relations between the people of Russia and their Bolshevik bosses: a permanent civil war has been, and still is, raging in Russia, "a nation occupied from within by frightened conquerors" who have manufactured the myth of monolithic unity, a nation of millions of secret allies who if given our support can serve as a weapon more potent than atomic bombs. Every thoughtful (and compassionate) American, I think, should read every word of these thoughtful (and compassionate) pages.

From my own experiences in the Soviet Union (much more recent, but much less extended, than those of Lyons) I personally agree with his urgent message, which is not so much a call to arms as a call to allies. Lyons's case would be stronger, however, if he offered some of the contradictory evidence (there are a few indications that the regime is not completely unpopular); if he approached more realistically the difficulties of a liberation policy; and, finally, if he outlined practical steps of a positive program.

In insisting that the only alternative

—*United Press.*

Mussolini's musketeers—"World War II recalls the tragedies of Shakespeare."

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Batista—"innumerable counterparts."

to World War III is a clearcut Western victory in the present Cold War, and that the only way to such a victory is an open alliance with the Kremlin's subjects, Lyons says we must "focus our energies and ingenuity upon expanding *our* fifth columns and generating ideological support within the enemy domain." And then he adds that once we gear ourselves to love for the Russian peoples "startling new horizons for action will be opened up." But he doesn't say how.

HISTORICALLY the American people long ago abandoned their traditional scruples about intervening in the affairs of other peoples. Ever since that day in January 1893 when American troops landed at Honolulu to intimidate Queen Liliuokalani non-intervention has ceased to be a part of our foreign policy. Indeed, it was only a few years later, in 1904, that non-intervention officially became intervention in Theodore Roosevelt's so-called corollary to the Monroe Doctrine.

Lyons frankly admits that an elaboration of policies is not the purpose of his book. He feels that at the present moment it is more important to reach the peoples of the free world and clarify their conception of the challenge than it is to blueprint a plan for reaching the Russian peoples. At the risk of falling into what Lyons himself calls "the fatuous political climate in the book reviewing trade," I, for one, hope that he now will devote his great knowledge and talents and fervor to a book that will help answer the what, how, when, and where questions involved in a course of active intervention over the heads of the Kremlin clique—that is, a companion piece to this present important volume, which does so much to tell us why.

Little Caribbean Caesar

"A Sergeant Named Batista," by Edmund A. Chester *(Henry Holt. 276 pp. $3.50), is a biography of the Cuban dictator written by an American who is his friend. Our reviewer, A. Curtis Wilgus, is director of the School of Inter-American Studies at the University of Florida.*

By A. Curtis Wilgus

IN CUBA, as in other Latin American countries, things are not always what they seem. But Edmund A. Chester, author of "A Sergeant Named Batista," has looked behind the scenes, has examined the structure of contemporary Cuban history, and has presented a picture of the political pattern of the island during the last twenty years. The central figure in this mosaic of figures is a "sergeant named Batista," to quote Sumner Welles's dispatch to the United States Department of State of September 5, 1933. During most of the years since this laconic description by our ambassador in Cuba the author has known his hero intimately, having traveled, fished, and conversed at length with him. Mr. Chester still lives in Havana with his Cuban wife and certainly would not under any circumstances wish to disturb this ideal existence by writing anything derogatory about the Cuban Strong Man. He has clearly succumbed to the undoubted charms of Batista, even as others do who only meet him casually, for the man has a magnetic personality, a ready smile, and a friendly way with strangers. Mr. Chester, while not writing or even claiming to write an objective biography, has certainly told the story of Batista as Batista has told it to him. Consequently the book makes most interesting reading.

One of Mr. Chester's reasons for writing about Batista is to show that although Batista is a dictator "he is certainly a new kind of dictator" because he is a "different" type from Hitler, Mussolini, and "the Peróns." This naive assertion is only a half truth. Students of Latin American history will find Batista's counterpart in innumerable men who have occupied the executive position in the twenty Latin American countries in the past century and a quarter. In Latin America there is no "new kind of dictator" any more. But perhaps semantics should be forgotten in this case.

Fulgencio Batista had no previous preparation for the role he was to play in Cuban history. He was fifteen months old when Cuba became independent of Spain. His father was a sugar-cane cutter, and at the age of eight the boy also went into the cane fields. His formal education was neglected in his early life, although he attended a Quaker school for a short period. But Fulgencio read every book he could lay his hands on—his great hero was Abraham Lincoln and today he has a large collection of works on this subject. History and geography also have been of prime interest to him. At fourteen Fulgencio left home to seek his fortune in odd jobs, finally achieving his ambition of becoming a "railroader" as a brakeman-conductor. But at the age of twenty, in April 1921, he joined the Cuban army and was sent to Camp Colombia near Havana, from which he was later to take the critical steps which led him twice into the Presidency of his native island. He now began to read law and to study shorthand and typing, first by correspondence and later by attending night classes at the College of San Mario in Havana. For a time he thought of becoming a journalist and wrote several articles for publication. Soon he became a professor of commercial grammar at the college. But these activities ceased when he was transferred to guard the *finca* of President Zayas, with whom he became acquainted. Shortly after Batista was appointed secretary to Colonel Rasco, Inspector General of the Cuban Army. Meanwhile in 1926 he married and raised three children, but his marriage ended in divorce; he later remarried and now has four sons.

IN AUGUST 1928 Batista became secretary-stenographer at La Cabaña Fortress in Havana. This was during the administration of the ruthless dictator Machado, whom Batista was destined to help overthrow. In 1931 Batista joined the anti-Machado underground even though he was still serving the Government. On August 12, 1933 the Machado regime was terminated with the intervention of Sumner Welles. Céspedes succeeded to the Presidency for twenty-two days when Batista, a sergeant of thirty-two, stepped to the footlights on the Cuban stage as leader in the "Revolt of the

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Sergeants." The version of how this came about is recorded by Mr. Chester as told to him by Batista. From this point the author describes in detail the almost daily activities of Batista. His friends and his enemies were legion, and often both hindered his plans. As Commander of the Cuban Army Batista at first had no political ambitions—but force of circumstance, (that overworked historical cliché) eventually brought him closer to the Presidency until on July 14, 1940, he was elected to this position. The final act in the book is Batista's *coup d'état* of March 10, 1952. Between these dates Mr. Chester has made the man Batista appear as one of the great political leaders of the age by describing his political, social, educational, and economic reforms with a one-sided enthusiasm worthy of a Boswell. His excursions into the field of diplomatic history, especially Cuba's relations with the United States, are lucid if not always well balanced. But the book is well written, clear, and penetrating so far as it goes. It is worthwhile reading for anyone who wishes to learn what has occurred in this lovely island since the early days of the Good Neighbor Policy, when many people in the U. S. first became aware of this trouble spot on our doorstep.

Austria Infelix!

"The Rebirth of Austria," by Richard Hiscocks *(Oxford University Press. 263 pp. $3.50), is an account of what has been happening in that country since the end of World War II. Charles A. Gulick, our reviewer, is professor of economics at the University of California, Berkeley. In 1950 he was awarded one of the ten prizes given annually by the City of Vienna for distinguished achievement for his book "Austria from Habsburg to Hitler."*

By Charles A. Gulick

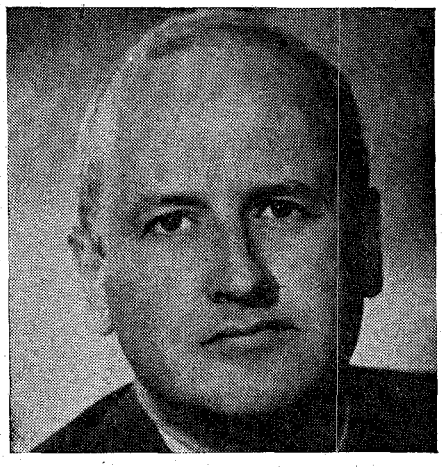
AUSTRIA Infelix! For thirty-five years cursed by economic adversity, political strife, war, and two occupations—the second, by her "liberators," already almost two years longer than that by her "enslaver," Hitler! As Professor Richard Hiscocks states in his introduction to "The Rebirth of Austria," she is in many respects "typical of the troubled continent of which [she] is the geographical center."

Of Professor Hiscocks's fifteen chapters tracing political, economic, social, and cultural developments in Austria, chiefly since April 1945, that on Cultural Revival is outstanding. But precisely because the book is intended for generally "well-informed" readers rather than specialists, the numerous mistakes, inadequate analyses, misleading statements, and omissions raise serious doubts concerning its reliability and usefulness.

The chief shortcomings of the book are the omissions—the facts not supplied, the questions not raised. For example, the author writes that in the "absence of diplomatic support Austria was powerless" to withstand Hitler. Why omit the facts that in February 1938 the French Government proposed to the British a joint demarche in Berlin, that Eden wanted to go, and that Chamberlain and the majority of his cabinet refused, thus betraying Austria?

Of the questions not raised the most important is the possible threat to Austrian democracy from the Right. Professor Hiscocks speaks in highest praise of Karl Renner, honored with the highest offices in both republics. Why is there no mention of Renner's warning in August 1945? "In 1918 also we had the experience that the Christian Socialists placed democratic men at the top. . . . Gradually the democratic leaders were pushed aside. . . . It is already evident that more and more the old Heimwehr [Fascist] element and the big capitalistic interests are infiltrating the People's Party. . . . What happened to us in 1934 must not happen again!"

Time and again Professor Hiscocks praises the cooperation between the two major parties. Nowhere, to borrow from C. Wright Mills, does he suggest that this may be "a trap set by the sophisticated conservatives" of the People's Party to induce labor leaders to walk "backwards . . . into a corporate form of garrison state." Toward an understanding of these and similar basic issues this book contributes lamentably little.



Richard Hiscocks—"a trap(?)."

Doom of the Nomad

CENTRAL ASIAN GEOPOLITICS: In the Pamir mountains a narrow finger of Afghanistan separates the Soviet Union from what was formerly British India. Since 1947 the Moslem state of Pakistan has replaced the British Empire, yet to the north of the Pamirs in the five Soviet Republics of Turkestan Moslems continue to be part of a non-Moslem empire. Will this region, the size of half the United States, primarily inhabited by Eastern Turkish people, follow the path to independence that most of the other Moslem states have taken? Sir Olaf Caroe, formerly head of the foreign service of the Government of British India, examines this question in a scholarly but lively work **"Soviet Empire"** (St. Martin's Press, $5). The author shows how all the conquerors of the past, including the Mongols of Jengis Khan, were successfully assimilated into the civilization of Turkestan. Yet today Russians and Ukrainians constitute over half the population of Kazakhistan, the northern and central section of Turkestan, and substantial minorities in the other Soviet Republics of Turkestan, whose boundaries the author describes as neither of ethnic nor economic or political significance. Prohibition of nomad grazing, as well as industrialization and centralized control of irrigation, has further upset the balance of local civilization. Yet despite these changes, which may be compared to the economic development of our Southwest in the nineteenth century, ideas of national independence persist in Turkestan, based primarily on the experience of short-lived independent republics after World War I. Sir Olaf Caroe believes that Moslem religious orthodoxy is now of minor significance in the further evolution of this nationalism, and that old East Turkish traditions, industrialization, as well as opposition to Russia will dominate the future pattern of life in Turkestan. This will be a far greater change, than that induced by the British in any of their former Moslem possessions. —ALEXANDER MELAMID.

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Neptune's White Elephant

"The Great Iron Ship," by James Dugan *(Harper. 272 pp. $3.50), tells the story of the monstrous ocean liner of the late nineteenth century that brought ill fortune to virtually everyone who crossed its path. C. Vann Woodward, professor of history at the Johns Hopkins University, who reviews it here, has tried his hand at writing about ships and naval engagements.*

By C. Vann Woodward

THE megalomania of the Iron Age took to the high seas in 1858, the year the *Great Eastern* was launched. Huge mother of ocean liners, she was five times the size of the largest vessel then afloat, and she was designed to carry nearly twice as many passengers as her great-granddaughter, R. M. S. *Queen Mary*. Her English designer, Isambard Kingdom Brunel, the "Little Giant," intended her to monopolize the Oriental trade, but she was soon put to other uses.

Victorians on both sides of the Atlantic contemplated in common awe this marvel of their age, this "Floating City," this "Crystal Palace of the Sea." Longfellow and Whitman put her in their verse, and Currier and Ives published five lithographs of her before she went to sea. Poets, engineers, monarchs, and professional beauties jockeyed for invitations to board her. She attracted more sightseers than she did passengers and freight, and two million of them boarded her in the years when sightseeing was the most profitable use that could be found for the behemoth.

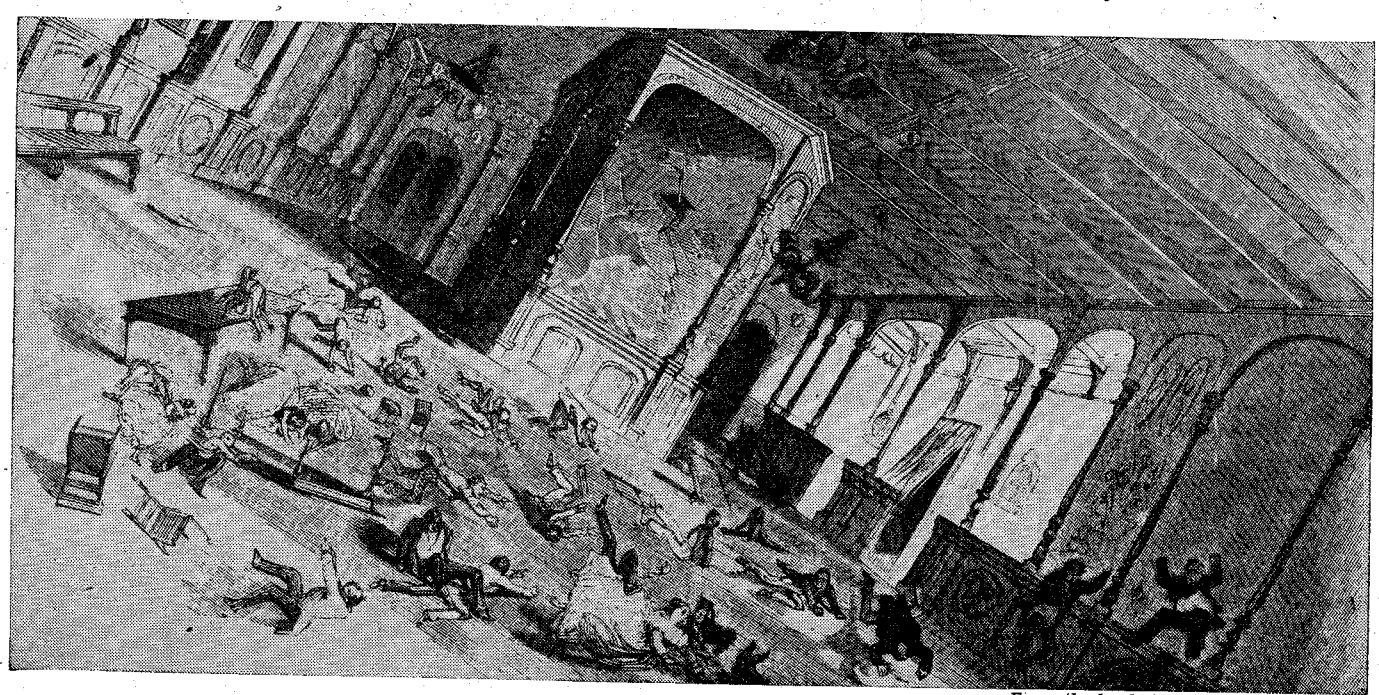
The features of the *Great Eastern* that impressed the Victorians most, the points upon which they dwelt with greatest awe, were her sheer size and dimensions. Fully loaded her tonnage exceeded the combined weight of the 197 English ships that turned back the Spanish Armada. She was 693 feet long and too broad in the beam to squeeze through the Panama Canal. Her displacement was not exceeded for half a century after her launching, and her twenty-four-foot screw has never been equaled in size by another ship. She had one huge power plant to turn the screw and an entirely different one to turn her fifty-eight-foot side paddle wheels. She surpassed all previous and subsequent vessels by carrying six masts and five funnels. Her crew could hoist 6,500 square yards of sail (though they never did) and her bunkers held enough coal to steam her nearly around the world (though she never did).

The economic history of the *Great Eastern* was a history of bankruptcies and forced sales, for she was a white elephant on the hands of every company that owned her. For one thing she was an engineering anachronism, woefully underpowered, a capital ocean liner built "before there was power and technology to run one." For another thing her owners, stubbornly obsessed with the first-class passenger fares between Liverpool and New York, were blind to the fortune in eastbound wheat and westbound millions of steerage emigrants.

EVERY skipper of the *Great Eastern* seemed to wear an albatross around his neck. The first captain drowned, and another had a nervous breakdown after his first voyage. The ship had four mutinies, sank four ships, killed thirty-five men, caused thirteen lawsuits, and was up six times at auction.

Rounding up hundreds of careers caught in the wake of disaster spread by the *Great Eastern,* James Dugan puts them in his log of "The Great Iron Ship." The result is a sort of a tintype album of the Victorian period, rather than a ship's log. The index reads like a passenger list of Eminent Victorians. It includes William Gladstone and Artemus Ward, Mary Lincoln and Jules Verne, a Duke of Wellington and Napoleon III.

Irrelevant digressions on events of the times and passing celebrities become a bit tedious. But so long as the author sticks to his great iron ship he is fascinating. Those who combine a love of ships with an interest in the Gilded Age, and who enjoy watching human nature disporting itself with abandon in the raw, should not overlook this story.



—*From the book* (Harper's Weekly, *1861*).

The saloon of the *Great Eastern* during a gale, from the sketch of an eyewitness—"huge mother of ocean liners."

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Galileos of the Air

***"The Papers of Wilbur and Orville Wright: 1899-1948," edited by Marvin W. McFarland** (McGraw-Hill. Two vols., 1278 pp. $25), tells the story of the pioneering days of flight through the notes and correspondence of the inventors of the airplane, lately made public for the first time. Below it is reviewed by Henry Ladd Smith, professor of journalism at the University of Wisconsin, author of "Airways" and "Airways Abroad."*

By Henry Ladd Smith

FIFTY years have worn off some of the glamour of aviation, but the two-volume account of pioneer flying offered by Marvin W. McFarland in his edition of "The Papers of Wilbur and Orville Wright" recaptures much of the wonder and excitement during that glorious period of the "birdman." For years prospectors of aviation history have tried to uncover the rich lode of documents possessed by the Wright brothers at Dayton. Now and then serious students seeking specific answers would find a nugget or two in a courteous reply from the surviving inventor, or from his invaluable secretary, Mabel Beck, who remembered as much as he did of the brave days. A few trusted writers occasionally were allowed to stake out small claims that produced historical pay dirt indicative of the vast wealth still hidden from covetous eyes. But now, on the fiftieth anniversary of the dawn of the air age, the public is offered a bonanza in this story of two amazing Americans, told most effectively by means of their own notes and correspondence.

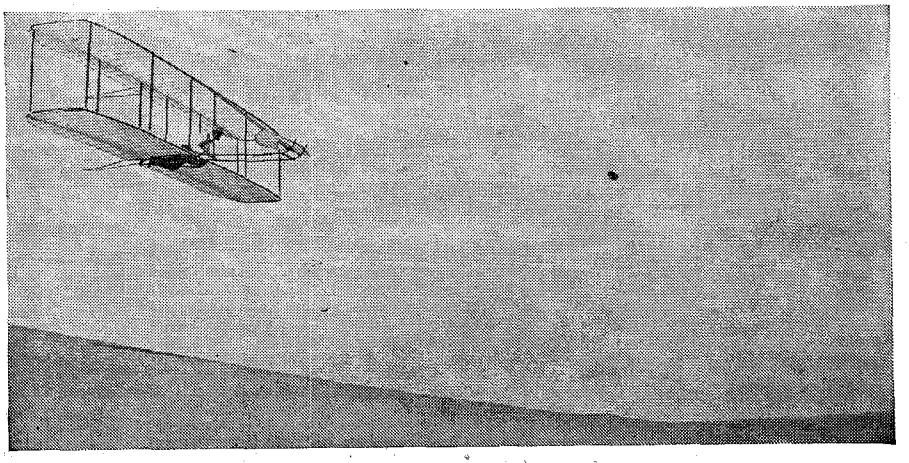
In the folklore of the high frontier Wilbur and Orville Wright have an honored place. But there were detractors from the moment of their success. These documents should dispel once and for all the spurious claims of those who would usurp the place of the Wrights in aviation history. It would be of no great significance to discover that some flying enthusiast had actually left the ground in his own contraption before the Ohio brothers first began navigating the ocean of air. We know now that a pilot could take off on a barn door, given enough power. What baffled the flying experts in the pre-Wright days was the problem of controlled flight, enabling an operator to take his craft and passengers safely in any direction. By their diligent study, careful experimentation, extended correspondence with leading authorities, and ingenious application of fundamental aerodynamics, the Wrights not only succeeded in flying successfully, but in disseminating their lore far and wide. By the time their craft lifted from the sands of Kitty Hawk (actually, Big Kill Devil Hill) in 1903, the Wrights would have been amazed if it *hadn't* gone up. The feat was dramatic but of only academic significance.

Some of the most interesting correspondence in the papers is with Octave Chanute, the noted engineer, who knew more about gliding than anyone in the world, at least after Otto Lilienthal's death. Chanute emerges from the pages as a genial, inspiring, and generous friend. He offered the Wrights the results of his long studies. He used his considerable influence to bring the brothers to the attention of learned societies. He was always ready to underwrite expenses or to introduce the brothers to important personages who might be useful to the inventors. It is clear that the Wrights rejected virtually all this proffered aid, but in terms so gentle that the old engineer never suspected how independent they were. Later, when the Wrights were forced by litigation to deny the helpfulness of Chanute, the friendship was strained, but there is no doubt of the high common regard of the three.

THE papers disclose the peculiar relationship of the Wright brothers. Wilbur ("Ullam") appears in these pages as the undisputed leader. Four years older than Orville ("Bubbo"), Wilbur led the way into aviation. It is Wilbur who gives the talks before the learned societies, writes the bulk of the inquiries, and negotiates with foreign governments over manufacturing rights after 1906. Orville, less articulate, was perhaps more human than Wilbur. His letters to beloved sister Katharine from the Kitty Hawk camp are humorous and folksy when Wilbur's are mostly technical. But it is possible that Orville kept Wilbur on the job when the latter tended to drift too far into theory. The fact is, they were the perfect complements to each other, "not two persons, but one Wright raised to the nth power," as Mark Sullivan remarked.

Considering the importance of their invention, the brothers won only a modest fortune. Indeed, one of the unanswered questions in the book is how the Wrights were able to afford engines, planes, and workshops—to say nothing of all their travel—on the income from a bicycle shop. Much of the time after 1908 was spent in patent infringement litigation. Their motives were understandable, and they behaved as decent men of integrity, but Chanute may have been right when he advised them that their attention could be put to better use.

Although the material is often technical, these two thick volumes make easy reading, even for groundlings. Credit for this must go to the able editing of Mr. McFarland, of the Aeronautics Division, Library of Congress. A fascinating history of the period can be read from his footnotes alone, which are profuse and revealing, without being obtrusive. Chanute advised the brothers to record every step, and the meticulous Wrights took so many pictures that even their camp kitchen has been reproduced in photographs. For the technical student elaborate appendices are available, but they will not detract from a more casual reading of the text.



Wilbur Wright gliding down Big Kill Devil Hill, October 10, 1902.

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Grounded Air-History

"The Flying Years," by Lamont Buchanan *(G. P. Putnam's Sons. 188 pp. $5), is a history of aviation in picture and text. Marvin W. McFarland, our reviewer, is the editor of the recently published "Papers of Wilbur and Orville Wright."*

By Marvin W. McFarland

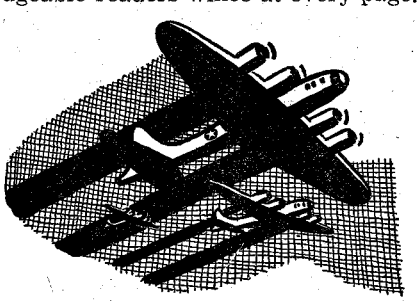
LAMONT BUCHANAN is apparently a confirmed "pix-and-text" man, having given us in the past half-dozen years the story in pictures and captions of basketball, football, tennis, baseball, and the Kentucky Derby, as well as pictorial histories of the Confederacy and the American two-party system. There is a place (and apparently a market) for such books when they are well designed, well thought-out, and accurate. They become an imposition on a gullible public when they are not. It should not be necessary to say that compilers have a responsibility to do their homework carefully. A little more time spent in the library doing factual research and a little less in the picture morgues eking out graphic materials can make a world of difference in the product.

It is in this area that Mr. Buchanan comes to grief in his latest album, "The Flying Years"; too little winnowing has left him with a disproportionate amount of chaff. On the first page he tells us: "This is the story of how man has taken himself to the threshold of the astronautic age through the fifty exciting flying years of aviation's first half century." But the banality of the text, especially the ephemeral interest of many of the events and quotations, belies the author's purpose. Technical aeronautics is not considered, and aside from the pictures, where they are often not the center of interest, airplanes themselves get scant attention. The method is rather a chronicling of the personalities of aviation and of high moments in their careers. A chronicle, however, implies order and progression, both lacking here. The result—what with little or no distinction between facts of significance and mere facts, and a nervous darting about from person to person, place to place, and year to year—is a bewildering potpourri. Surely it is too much of a wrench, even for the most optimistic astronaut, to leap in one sentence over the four hundred years separating Leonardo da Vinci and his notebooks from Samuel P. Langley and his ill-fated aerodrome.

Nor apparently is historical exactitude the long suit in "The Flying Years." In a typical caption it is stated: "Kress invented the simple rubber-band model flying machine shown above. . . ." Kress may have "invented" the model pictured, but he did not invent the rubber-band model flying machine as such. That was the work of Alphonse Pénaud (one of his several important contributions to aviation), who with his countryman Le Bris is dismissed as having been "busy" about the same time.

As the occasion of this year's aviation jubilee is the first successful airplane flight in history, made by the Wrights on December 17, 1903, one might expect the reporting of at least this event to be correct. However, we are told, the Wrights went to Kitty Hawk "to test the engine and make final adjustments on their machine" —not to fly it, of course! Also: "People in the neighborhood of Kill Devil Hill thought so little of seeing another flying machine that wouldn't fly that only five of them showed up to watch." What nonsense! Four of the five persons present were there at the Wrights' invitation, as they had often been before, and helped move the heavy machine from its shed to the launching track. That more Kitty Hawkers were not in evidence was because the flight was necessarily unannounced, and because the Wrights' success in gliding and soaring the past four seasons on the sand hills nearby had made the sight of machines in the air a commonplace. Anyone else might have doubted the outcome on the December 17 trials, but certainly not the natives of Kitty Hawk.

The real puzzle about "The Flying Years" is not the errors and the misleading, often ridiculous, statements found in it (the author, after all, is a picture man, not necessarily an expert in the many fields he has assayed), but that the publisher, with his reputation and years of experience, should entrust to a picture man, on an important occasion, the writing of a volume that purports to be history, and should be satisfied to be represented at the semi-centennial of flight by a book that will make knowledgeable readers wince at every page.



Icarus at Last

"Tomorrow's Air Age," by Holmes Alexander *(Rinehart. 248 pp. $3), is a newspaperman's report on what aviation is apt to be like in the foreseeable future. Kendall Smith, who reviews it below, is co-author with Lloyd Morris of "Ceiling Unlimited," a history of aviation.*

By Kendall Smith

HOLMES ALEXANDER's "Tomorrow's Air Age" is, I think, something new in the line of aeronautic prognostication. There have been earlier attempts to predict how the airplane is going to change our way of life. None has been published recently enough to take into account jet and rocket motors. Several books and many articles have probed the far future, telling not only about rockets to the moon and to the planets of our solar system but also describing the great arks that will sally forth into interstellar space on thousand-year voyages.

But in "Tomorrow's Air Age" Mr. Alexander tries hard to rein in his imagination. He assures us that this lively and readable book is "factual, not fantastic; observation, not imagination; specialized reporting . . . not special pleading." What he has to say, if not fantastic in the literal sense, is certainly astounding. Moreover, his predictions are made for the very definitely foreseeable future. Very little that he reports is purely conjectural.

Some of the oncoming air future is still in the blueprint stage. But an amazing amount of that future is predicated on planes and instruments that are now in experimental production. He has peered over the shoulders of the scientists in their laboratories, observed activities in the chambers of the research-development centers, talked to professors, engineers, promoters, and test pilots. "Tomorrow's Air Age" is published with the full cooperation of the Air Force Research and Development Command Headquarters. The fact that the manuscript was cleared by the Defense Department and the Air Force suggests that even more astonishing developments must be already "in the works."

Planning, prediction, and progress in the aeronautical sciences go on not merely because they are appropriate human activities in a technological civilization. As Mr. Alexander points out, "The Air future can be predicted because it can and must be planned;

(*Continued on page* 41)

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The Leaden Bells of Modern Poetry

Editor's Note: *Early in January Lord Dunsany—the Irish playwright, poet, and author—started news wires humming with reports of some acerbic opinions on modern poetry delivered before the Authors' Club in London. In response to an* SR *cable requesting a transcript of his speech, Lord Dunsany replied that the speech was delivered from notes but that he would be glad to reconstruct the substance of his remarks. This week's guest editorial consists of his account of the proceedings.*

WHEN I had thanked the members of the Club for the honor they had done me in electing me president, and for their kindness in doing it, I said that the writers for so-called modern verse spoke as though they revealed to us something new and better. But have the poets of the world labored in vain for three thousand years if their meter was quite unnecessary, if

> The 9:25 train may be rather late
> this morning, but not very

will do quite well as a line of verse? Has the honor that all lands and all ages have given to Homer, Dante, Milton, and Shakespeare been given in childish ignorance that meter doesn't matter at all? Are we in our acceptance of the rejection of meter wiser and better informed than Tennyson? Did he know nothing when he wrote of Virgil as "Wielder of the noblest measure ever molded by the lips of man"?

Are the hexameters of the Iliad nonsense? Is so-called modern verse sense? Is Shakespeare's blank verse all wrong and the lines of some recent playwrights right?

The people of this age remind me of King Lear out in the thunder, listening to the ravings of a mock madman and about to lose his own reason. Is it not time you gave up reading such nonsense before you come to understand such lines as those singled out for praise in a recent article by an admirer of Dylan Thomas:

> That she I have.
> The country-handed grave boxed
> into love
> Rise before dark

For when you understand that you will surely no longer be sane; unless it is I that am too half-witted to understand plain English and cannot recognize meter when I see it.

And what authority have they to give you their message in other than plain English, though the exigencies of meter and rhyme may sometimes lead to complications which the poet should do his best to minimize and the reader his best to understand? But very little weight should be put by the poet on the understanding of the reader; for to subject him to any intricate thought in a poem is like making a child do lessons during a pantomime. Are we to be asked to understand the fumblings of these so-called poets when there is good English in which to write? Is it that their thoughts are too fine for our language, as some have unkindly supposed? Or is it that their clumsy lumber can no more be carried by our glorious language, which was good enough for Shakespeare and Milton, than a load of scrap iron could be suitably carried in a royal coach?

These are the anti-poets. They are to Milton and to the Muses what Robespierre was to the Court of France. Some may bow to them. Many do. But do not call them poets. Say dull lines of rhythmless prose are better than the meter of Milton if you must: say you get the pleasure from turgid obscurity that some get from rotten cheese: but do not call it poetry. The *sans-culottes* did not call their leaders aristocrats. They chopped off the heads of men and women because they thought them out-of-date, as these speak of the great poets. They thought them mere traditionalists, and they were sick of tradition. Riot against Keats and Shelley if you must. But do not call this poetry.

I THEN showed to the man on each side of me some lines in a book by a highly praised modern lady poet and I told the meeting I had done so but forbore to read these lines to them. I added: if this is poetry there is plenty of it on the walls of lavatories throughout England. I then read four pieces of modern poetry and said three of these are nonsense, and I ought to know, because I wrote one of them myself, and you can't tell which. The fourth is lines of good poetry, but is not a poem, for it is part of an index of first lines from a recent book of good verse.

And I went on: And this age wants messages, and wants them clear. Because it may be chaotic it doesn't want its messages chaotic. If you are in a maze you want clear directions when you ask the way out of one who knows, as the age asks the poets. But what a dusty answer it is getting from the mock poets, and just when it wants the message most clear! When you ask your way in a fog you don't want a foggy answer. After reading such things cleanse your minds by looking awhile at the heavenly simplicity of Homer, or reading Milton. I quoted from Homer and Shelley. Then two dull modern lines and said: These are bells of lead. If this is not nonsense, what is? If it is sense on a higher plane than ours, nobody has instructed us. And if it be sense after all, we will be content in our ignorance with Milton and Shakespeare and Homer and not feel too unhappy at our inability to understand Ezra Pound.

Are their leaden bells better than our old chimes? Read both and take your choice. The aim of literature is to make all as clear as possible, of modern stuff to make it unclear. And I believe that such lines are only weeds hiding for a little while the bases of the pillars of the temples of great gods.

—Lord Dunsany.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

NEW EVIDENCE TO CONTRARY

JUDGING FROM FRANK DENMAN'S article "The ABC Around Us" [*SR* Jan. 2] his forthcoming book will excite a certain amount of unfavorable comment from scholars, though not necessarily with regard to his main thesis. The short historical sketch of the development of our alphabet embodies views no longer in accord with the majority opinion of qualified scholars.

It is now believed that the Greeks acquired their alphabet, not in the seventh century B.C., but much earlier, probably in the eleventh century. Recent research has also pretty well discredited the view that "the Romans probably learned writing from the many Greek settlements on the Italian peninsula . . ." rather, the evidence now points toward the Etruscan form of the alphabet as the immediate source of the Roman. It may be argued that these questions remain, to some extent, questions, so that there is room for more than one view if it be supported by evidence.

One can only hope that Mr. Denman's book will be free of disturbing errors, and that, in the case of slightly more controversial questions of fact such as dates of adoption and invention of alphabets and their immediate sources, the author will give the more recent opinions unless he is prepared to defend the older theses with new evidence.

PAUL R. STEIN.

Los Alamos, N.M.

EVOLVING ENGLISH

"THE ABC AROUND US" infuriates me. Here again are dragged out the stale, old arguments that were familiar when the first Roosevelt made his assault on the language. There is sobbing over the time wasted by suffering children learning to read; over adults struggling with third-grade reading; over people never reading for pleasure. Nonsense! However much English might be simplified, I do not believe illiteracy would be affected. The causes are too various and it is unfair to blame the language or to compare the difficulties of English with those of Chinese. English has become what it is and, I suppose, will continue to evolve into what it is going to be, whether we like it or not. But who could wish to see it degraded to the level of lowest comprehension? . . .

DANIEL R. HULL.

Woodbury, Conn.

IDEOGRAMS VS. ALPHABET

JUST BECAUSE I concur so completely with the gravamen of Frank Denman's article on the alphabet, I deplore all the more that he should give further dissemination to two ideas about the Chinese language which I believe to be erroneous. No objective evidence is available either that an ideographic language is more difficult to learn than an alphabetic or that greater precision is possible in one than the other.

During almost a decade of newspaper work and journalistic teaching in China I gained only a slight command of the language. Yet repeatedly as a stunt I have demonstrated that members of any group in America from the junior-high-school age-level up can begin to supply the meaning of many Chinese written characters after less than ten minutes of explanation of their nature with examples on a blackboard or tablet. Is any such thing conceivably possible with any alphabetic language? This is possible with Chinese because a substantial percentage of their ideograms were formed by a logical association of two or more radical or "signifier" ideographs in one written word. . . .

Authorities are taking themselves far out on a very shaky limb when they exalt alphabets over ideograms. A large and growing means of communication in cultures with alphabetic languages is comprised of ideograms which are virtually identical *in principle* with Chinese written words, for instance mathematical and scientific symbols. As further examples one may note punctuation marks, proof-reading signs, written music, trade marks, the symbols used in engineering, architecture, map-making, highway signs, stenography, and astronomy. Why can the design of an alphabetic word be copyrighted? Does the fact that two capital letters are placed together because they are the initial consonants in a name explain fully the significance and utility of *SR*?

VERNON NASH.

Santa Barbara, Calif.

"We think your best bet is to try to get it read into *The Congressional Record*."

NOAH WEBSTER

WHEN FRANK DENMAN wrote "For one of the greatest disservices done the language we can place the blame squarely on the shoulders of Noah Webster . . ." I feel that he did a great disservice to one of the greatest Americans to whom we are everlastingly indebted.

Upon the conclusion of our military victory in the Revolutionary War Noah Webster did not see it as the severance of only political ties but the building of a new nation with a culture all its own. He considered a national language to be as necessary as a national government. He longed to throw off the bondage of Anglican spelling and expressed himself in favor of simplified, phonetic forms and he stated his preference for nabor, det, ruf, and hed to replace neighbor, debt, rough, and head. He did eliminate the letter U in such words as favor, labor, author, emperor and editor as well as giving preference to using the ending *er* for such words as center, meter, and cider instead of the *re*. However, he yielded to the spirit of the times and did not make his "Speller" conform to all his own principles. . . .

CLAIRE SAWDON.

Hollywood, Calif.

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Seeing Things

OPERATION BLIGH

FEW readers of "Moby Dick" can forget the moment when toward the end, the typhoon having abated, Starbuck stands before the bolted door of the cabin in which Captain Ahab is muttering in his sleep. The chief mate, upright and honest, finds himself tormented by thoughts beyond his control. "Shall this crazed old man," he wonders, "be tamely suffered to drag a whole ship's company down to doom with him?—Yes, it would make him the wilful murderer of thirty men and more, if this ship comes to any deadly harm; and come to deadly harm, my soul swears this ship will, if Ahab have his way."

There, in two sentences, is the problem faced by Lieutenant Maryk on the *Caine*, another butting and plunging ship imperiled by a typhoon and an insane captain. The difference is that, where Starbuck merely broods about Ahab, Maryk acts in the case of Queeg. On a dirty tub of a minesweeper in danger of sinking in the Philippine Sea the young executive officer approaches the skipper he believes incompetent and, saluting, says, "Captain, I'm sorry, sir, you're a sick man. I am temporarily relieving you of this ship under Article 184 of 'Navy Regulations'."

No action in the Navy is more serious than having a subordinate remove a commanding officer from his command. None, even under extraordinary circumstances when such an action is necessary, involves graver responsibility or requires more detailed justification. This is as it should and must be. For at sea, in war or peace, and particularly on a naval vessel in wartime, the captain has to have absolute authority. This very power, which in the right hands guarantees a ship's safety, may in the wrong hands be the cause of its undoing.

The abuse of this power, or more accurately the injustices and dangers for which it can be responsible when administered by an officer unfit to have it, was the theme (and until near its close the seeming point) of "The Caine Mutiny," Herman Wouk's absorbing novel about World War II. It is the theme (and again until almost the final curtain the apparent point) of "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial,"* Mr. Wouk's enthralling dramatization of the trial scenes in his book.

Certainly no officer was ever less equipped to be a skipper than Queeg. On the stage as in the book he is an appalling character, brilliantly drawn. Although he belongs to the company of literature's sea-going eccentrics, he is unique among them. He shares all their vices and none of their virtues. He is as cruel as Bligh, but cruel about petty things; as mad as Ahab, but unheroic in his madness. Like Captain Vere in "Billy Budd," he is a respecter of regulations, but the rules which obsess him are the trifling ones and involve no great moral decisions. His spirit is even meaner than the palm-loving Captain's in "Mister Roberts."

What makes Queeg unforgettable is his wormlike smallness. As Mr. Wouk takes pains to establish, he is a liar, a bully, a cheat, a poor navigator, and a coward under fire. In the novel he is variously referred to by those unfortunate enough to serve under him as a monster, a maniac, a tyrant, a poltroon, a psychopath, a paranoid, and a criminal lunatic. All these he is beyond question. But the most terrible thing about him is that, though mentally ill, he can cover up his illness when not under stress, appear normal and well, and create the impression of being both affable and capable.

To blame the Navy for Queeg, to hold him up as an Annapolis type, to identify him as a product of the system is palpably absurd and indecently unfair, as Mr. Wouk is careful to make clear. The Navy has never had a monopoly on s.o.b.'s. That there were a few of these among the regulars anyone who was in blue in World War II would have to admit. But these would have been what they were had they become scoutmasters, interior decorators, or clergymen. The worst bullies were not those trained to power by long years in the service. They were the pipsqueak reservists whose heads were turned by suddenly acquiring an authority they had never had before and would never have again.

As novelist and dramatist Mr. Wouk is bound to show us Queeg the individual in different ways. What is surprising is that he is equally successful in both. The novel had as its continuity the growth of Willie Keith from a rich dilettante into a capable officer. In the play Keith is a minor figure, while Queeg and Greenwald, Maryk's lawyer, are pivotal characters. In the book the details concerning Queeg as man and officer are built up one by one in incidents so vivid that the reader feels as if he were sweating it out on the *Caine*. In the play, instead of knowing the true Queeg before the trial opens, we see him revealed little by little as he breaks down under the stress of cross-examination even as he cracked at sea under the stress of action.

Few evenings that I can remember

**THE CAINE MUTINY COURT MARTIAL, adapted by Herman Wouk from his novel THE CAINE MUTINY. Directed by Charles Laughton. Presented by Paul Gregory. With a cast including Henry Fonda, John Hodiak, Lloyd Nolan, Russell Hicks, Charles Nolte, Stephen Chase, Ainslie Pryor, Robert Gist, Eddie Firestone, Herbert Anderson, Paul Birch, etc. At the Plymouth Theatre, New York City. Opened January 20, 1954.*

Henry Fonda and his friends after the trial—"a master of understatement."

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in the theatre have equaled in their tension the gradual unveiling of Queeg in "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial." Few productions have been more perfect in their every detail, and few performances more admirable than Lloyd Nolan's disintegrating Queeg and Henry Fonda's quiet-voiced Greenwald. If Mr. Wouk has shown immense ingenuity and skill in adapting and expanding into play form the one-hundred pages of his novel devoted to the court martial, Charles Laughton in his direction and the actors Paul Gregory has assembled are no less skilful in converting that trial into a drama of throbbing and exceptional power.

IT IS, of course, in Mr. Gregory's and Mr. Laughton's debt that all of us stand for such effective streamlined dramatic presentations as "Don Juan in Hell" and "John Brown's Body." Their newest production is in a different style. It is not a "reading" like the "Hell Scene" from "Man and Superman" or a stylized interpretation in the manner of the staging of Stephen Vincent Benét's epic poem. It is more realistic in touch and approach. Indeed, except for its use of curtains in the place of backdrops it could be any courtroom drama. There is, however, a severity about its concentration upon essentials which makes itself felt at once, and this starkness ultimately proves part of the evening's strength.

I apologize to Mr. Nolan for being surprised by the excellence of his performance. Although I remember with pleasure his acting in such a mild but agreeable comedy as "One Sunday Afternoon" and such motion pictures as "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" and "House on 92nd Street," I must confess I was unprepared for the subtlety, the depth, the gradations, and the almost unbearable skill of his playing of Queeg. On his first entrance Mr. Nolan is deceptively confident, smiling, and even jaunty. As the trial progresses he manages to maintain this false impression of being self-assured and reliable. He tells lie after lie with a certainty that seems beyond challenge. But as the evening advances his cockiness ebbs from him. When he is allowed to babble on and on in a long speech that becomes increasingly incoherent he finally breaks down and turns into a cornered, sniveling figure condemned by his words, his manner, his tears, and his obvious illness. Adroit as Mr. Nolan is in preparing for Queeg's crack-up, the scene of his disintegration is one of the most stirring and virtuoso moments our theatre has boasted in years.

It is hard to see how anyone could

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better Mr. Fonda's playing of Greenwald, the bright young lawyer who against his will takes on Maryk's defense. Once again Mr. Fonda proves himself a master of understatement, a player whose silences speak, an actor who never needs to raise his voice to dominate a scene. He is no less fine in the epilogue when, after winning Maryk's acquittal, he turns up at a restaurant drunk and ashamed of his victory, and states his real views about Queeg and the men involved in the *Caine* mutiny.

Before coming to that final speech of Mr. Fonda let me make inadequate mention of the forthright power of John Hodiak's Maryk, the dry force of Ainslie Pryor as the Judge Advocate, the candor and charm of Charles Nolte's Keith, the frank weakness of Robert Gist's Keefer, the friendly dignity of Russell Hicks as the President of the Court, the intellectual arrogance of Herbert Anderson's frail psychiatrist, and the way in which even the silent members of the court indicate by their change in posture their growing disbelief in Queeg.

WHEN first I read and recently reread "The Caine Mutiny" I was bothered by Greenwald's speech at the banquet, in which he defends Queeg and his kind and turns on Maryk and the *Caine*'s other officers as mutineers. This speech troubles me in the same way even when it is expertly delivered by Mr. Fonda. It seems to me that Mr. Wouk changed his mind before finishing his story. In his anxiety to be fair to the regulars in the Army and the Navy who made Hitler's defeat possible by doing dull peacetime duty, he suddenly asks us to forgive the Queeg he has proved beyond doubt to be unfit for command.

I cannot see why Greenwald's being Jewish has anything to do with his excusing Queeg. I share Mr. Wouk's admiration for the Navy, and while in it I entertained only a few mutinous thoughts myself. But the more one admires the Navy I should think the more convinced one would be that for its good there should be no place in it for such occasional disgraces as Queeg. The Navy is best served by the best and, fortunately, has enough of these to make legal, under its own "Regulations," the removal from command of those unworthy of it.

Although I cannot squeeze a tear for Queeg, I cannot refrain from applauding the playing, production, and writing (except in the epilogue) of "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial." It provides an evening, uncommon in its excitements and distinctions, which in any year would be a notable addition to a season.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Slaughter on Second Avenue

NEW YORK CITY'S most tasteful and intelligent American production of Shakespeare in some time is John Houseman's current version of "Coriolanus" at the Phoenix Theatre. Faced with a problem that will exist as long as there is no permanent resident company here, Mr. Houseman has arrived at an effective expedient. He has jettisoned certain acting and poetic values that are not fully achievable in the present state of our theatre and concentrated on telling a clear story with a credible pictorial splendor.

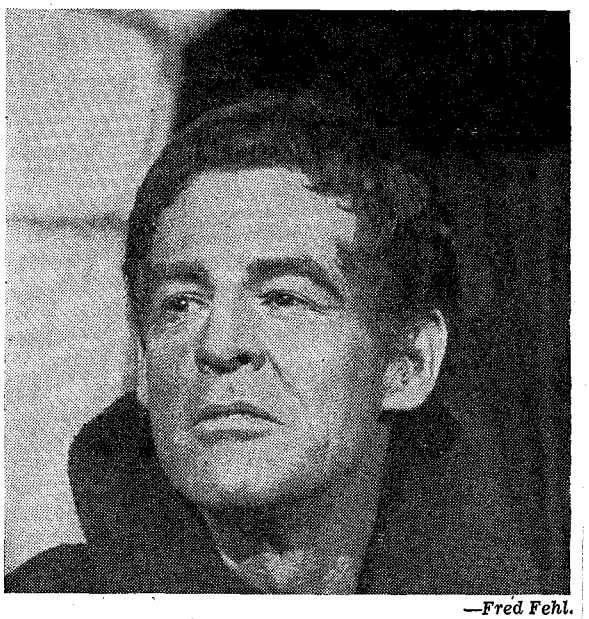
Furthermore, he has kept constantly in mind the problem of presenting the play's essential meaning. Coriolanus contains messages against war, against the fickleness of the masses, against the retreat from principle by the governing aristocracy, and finally against the pride and ambition in a man which destroy his sense of proportion. For Coriolanus, as for so many in our time, each day must see some new superhuman deed for its own sake, without compassion or love for those less fortunate. Only by committing a deed of love which leads to his destruction does Coriolanus assume true nobility. That Mr. Houseman has succeeded in getting so much across is owing in no small measure to his collaborators. Alex North's heavily percussioned dissonant music catches a great deal of the harsh metallic quality of the play. Donald Oenslager, by accepting the limitations of his unit set and by adroit use of overhead lighting, has come to achieve the formalized conditions under which Shakespeare thrives best. And Alvin Coit's costumes are not only bright but also help to define the characters.

As for the actors, a great deal of the personality of each leaks through into the role he is playing. Robert Ryan is a coy self-pitying Coriolanus, and his strong speeches tend to be noisier than they are caustic. But his rough-hewn figure looks every inch the part. Alan Napier is imposing too as the kindly Menenius, and while his English accent and offhand manner can make a call to arms seem like an invitation to tea, they are also well suited to Menenius's tempered speeches. Mildred Natwick, on the other hand, is not a natural choice for Volumnia.

Yet this wonderful, veteran actress cancels out the deficiency of a marked personal rhythm by assuming a flinty posture and an iron will. Paula Laurence as a wryly comic neighbor, John Randolph and Will Geer as "tritons of the minnows," John Emery as the perfidious Aufidius, Jamie Smith as his lieutenant, and Gene Saks, Jack Klugman, and Jerry Stiller as the Roman prototypes of the Three Ritz Brothers all make memorable individual contributions to the show.

Are these performances not terribly moving? Well, the charitable will apologize that "Coriolanus" is one of Shakespeare's least effective plays. The hard-boiled will charge that the actors neglected to work on relationships and that the whole production might as well be an exhibit in Bonwit Teller's window. But those of us who have suffered through many evenings of jumbled Shakespeare will merely give thanks that the Phoenix production tells a tale with ingenuity, visual credibility, and humor. An obscure play has been presented with a minimum of obscurity.

—HENRY HEWES.



—*Fred Fehl.*

Robert Ryan—"every inch the part."

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Not-So-Weaker Sex

—From "It Should Happen to You."

Peter Lawford and Judy Holliday—"every scene sparkles like a diamond."

EVER since Judy Holliday's first triumph of mispronunciation in "Born Yesterday" Ruth Gordon and/or Garson Kanin, her husband, have been busily turning out scripts to confirm Judy's right to the title of the nation's Number One not-so-dumb dumb blonde. No matter what the name may be, no matter what her social status, no matter where the script says she hails from, all of Judy's characters are sisters under the skin. All of them share not only the wildly convoluted Holliday speech patterns but also the same heart-warming, slightly demented rationality and the same embarrassingly direct honesty (embarrassing, of course, only to those who would take advantage of her wide-eyed ingenuousness). All of them share as well the same fatal character flaw, a certain shrewd intelligence that makes it just a bit unlikely for Judy ever to be found in precisely the predicaments the Kanins dream up for her.

"It Should Happen to You," Judy's latest, presents Garson Kanin at the top of his form. His script is smooth, consistently funny, and generously barbed with satirical comment on the advertising business, real estate, and TV. (There is a marvelous moment, plucked straight from the heart of Madison Avenue, when a soap executive makes a particularly fatuous suggestion and an underling thoughtfully rises, slowly removes his coat, and observes, "A lot of penetration in that!") And his central situation is brilliantly devised. Judy, a shopgirl from Binghamton, N. Y., determined to make a name for herself, rents a tremendous sign in Columbus Circle on which she emblazons GLADYS GLOVER in letters ten feet high. Because a soap company wants just that spot she soon parlays her single sign into half a dozen all over town. Overnight she is a celebrity. Television beckons, her endorsement is sought for soaps, cigarettes, and everything else that can be sold by a pretty face and a familiar name.

From that point on, however, Kanin is in trouble. Gladys has to come off her merry-go-round sooner or later, and the only way he can get her off is to make her admit that a name is empty unless it stands for something. But by the time that Gladys sees the light of simple virtue her name has actually come to stand for a good many things (like the Army Transport Command's "Girl We Would Most Like to Be Up in the Air With"). It takes a lot of swift, slick, and somewhat mechanical shuffling before Kanin can reunite his Gladys with the homespun 16mm documentary cameraman who loves her for herself alone. Needless to say, he manages.

Not that any of this detracts seriously from the general merriment of the film. It doesn't, since whatever wobbles the script develops are more than compensated for by Judy Holliday's performance. Whether carrying on an absent-minded conversation with her young man or responding to his expostulations with her half-articulate, inimitable growls, whether tipsily resisting the ardent advances of a smooth young soap executive or painfully reading an impromptu speech into the television cameras for "The People Speak," Judy is utterly wonderful. It's her film all the way, despite close competition from a solid supporting cast headed by Peter Lawford, newcomer Jack Lemmon, and Michael O'Shea (in a particularly stinging bit as a press agent who knows all the angles). And director George Cukor has polished every scene until it sparkles like a diamond. It almost doesn't matter that the diamonds aren't real.

* * *

If **"Forever Female"** reminds you of "All About Eve" the people at Paramount probably won't complain. Any detailed comparison would find the scales tipping decidedly in favor of the earlier effort; but certainly not since "Eve" has there been a film that so thoroughly and entertainingly deglamorizes The Theatre and its stellar personalities. Quickly and brightly it establishes its special Sardi world of opening-night jitters, of would-be playwrights and has-been stars, of aging ingenues and determined newcomers. It is a world with plenty of heat but not much warmth, and writers Julius and Philip Epstein have sketched it with a curious combination of caustic wit and amiable insight. They devote their special attention, however, to the tottering career of Beatrice Page, an actress on the shady side of forty who clings desperately to the belief that she can still pass for nineteen—or at least a young twenty-nine—and buttresses her belief through an affair with an intense, thoroughly bedazzled young playwright.

As this aging *grande dame* Ginger

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Rogers is taut, mannered, efficient. One of the most capable actresses on the American screen, Miss Rogers never seems quite able to let you forget just how capable she is. She can never lose herself in a role. On the other hand, William Holden as the young playwright, Paul Douglas as Miss Rogers's quizzical ex-husband, and Pat Crowley as a fledgling actress determined to displace the star both in the theatre and in Holden's affections are all agreeably effortless and no less effective than Miss Rogers. The story, incidentally, is based on Sir James Barrie's play "Rosalind." Chances are that that old gentleman would be the last to recognize it.

* * *

England has sent across two rather enjoyable, thoroughly British little comedies. One is **"The Horse's Mouth,"** a sort of fantasy involving a Delphic oracle who has taken refuge in an Irish well and a charmingly ineffectual London journalist vacationing in the area. For a lark (he's bored with predicting the weather and helping Mrs. Lanahan locate her misplaced specs) the oracle volunteers to help out the newsman with properly earth-shaking scoops. Before too long the question is raised as to whether all this advance information on things to come is necessarily a good idea, but in the meantime the humorous possibilities of the situation are pleasantly explored and we are introduced to a number of delightful Irish types. Michael Medwin and pretty Virginia McKenna are co-starred . . . **"The Final Test,"** which sounds as if it should be an adventure film starring Burt Lancaster, is in fact about a cricket test match in London and it stars Robert Morley. As a crotchety humbug of a poet whose one passion is cricket Morley actually succeeds in conveying the precise spiritual values the British find in that incomprehensible sport. (An earlier sequence in which a lanky Englishman strives to explain the game to an American Senator—presumably for the edification of American audiences—leaves the uninformed still unenlightened.)

Fortunately, a thorough knowledge of cricket is not crucial for thorough enjoyment of the film. Terence Rattigan has written with humor and perception the story of a boy torn between admiration for his father, a champion cricketer, and the ambition to be a great poet like Robert Morley. Jack Warner, George Relph, and Brenda Bruce contribute warm, admirable performances, although the boy, played by Ray Jackson, is a bit on the hysterical side.

—Arthur Knight.

TV AND RADIO

Man with a Brownie

IT was one of those exceptionally quiet Sunday afternoons on "Omnibus" a few weeks ago. They had run out of X-ray film showing a pretty girl drinking some water. The sea-horses were locked in their stable, and they had lent the "Abe Lincoln as a Boy" film to "Excursion," the stepsister of Omnibus."

Anyway, it was the week the Casadesus family appeared. They were pianists—a mother, a father, and their handsome son, each old enough to have his own piano. And they had. There were three pianos, arranged end to end beginning with the son downstage, then the mother at the center piano, and the father upstage somewhere in the disappearing horizon. A vertical field day for any television man with a camera.

The man on "Omnibus" was no exception. The Casadesus family couldn't have been photographed from more angles if they were wanted in every state of the Union and maybe Hawaii but not including Alaska. Cameras crept silently over, under, and behind the three pianos. There was a profusion of profiles, closeups, and long shots as hands flew across keys, feet pedaled, and bodies swayed. Television was proving that this was no radio program. Why only listen to music when you can see music?

Capturing a piano at play has been the problem of the man with a television camera since the early days of television, way back about five or six years ago. Those were known as the Sonny Kendis days. Sonny Kendis and Gigi Durstine.

For the benefit of latecomers Sonny Kendis played a sustaining piano during the early evening hours of early television. And the early television cameramen, briefed on the subject of action-in-television and loath to subject viewers to a stationary pianist seated at a piano for fifteen minutes, were faced with the problem of how to get action into the shot.

Sheer ingenuity invented the mirrored backboard behind the keyboard which made it appear as if twenty fingers were playing the piano tip to tip. This could be, and often was, manipulated with the aid of trick camera shots to appear as forty or eighty or even a hundred and eighty fingers. Most of the early television viewers have fully recovered their sight, a few still being treated for vertigo and migranes.

It was a stroke of genius which one day set a television camera behind the innards of an open baby grand and let the viewers see first hand how the tiny hammers pound the strings that produce the music for which some pianos are so well known. These shots were also compounded with trick camera angles and interwoven with the twenty-finger shot on the mirror. The early television viewers who witnessed these early combination shots are hopelessly lost.

ALONG with Sonny Kendis was a lush, sultry beauty named Gigi Durstine. Gigi sang, as I recall, two numbers at each fifteen-minute session. For her first song she stood away from the piano. Gigi had a face angelic and sexy, a rare combination which you can bet me the cameraman on the show was pretty well aware of. He zoomed in close for some of the closest closeups I have ever seen on television, locked his camera there, and sat back and drooled.

For her second song Gigi stood beside the piano. The cameraman now took both Sonny Kendis and Gigi into the shot, then gave up on Sonny and concentrated on Gigi, but with added combination shots of Gigi's beautiful head over the piano strings with the tiny hammers pounding on Gigi's beautiful nose, and then to the mirror with the forty or eighty fingers running rampant through Gigi's long black hair. One early television viewer still has recurring dreams of the early Sonny Kendis-Gigi Durstine days.

Sonny Kendis is still around playing piano somewhere I suppose, though not on television. Cameramen are trying to figure out new angles from which to show music. When they do I suppose Sonny Kendis may be back. But I doubt that Horowitz will ever play a television piano until he is assured that the cameramen will lock their cameras on one shot at a genius at the piano and let the movement be in the beauty of the music itself. Or as it was in the beauty of Gigi Durstine.

As for Gigi, I miss her. I don't know what became of her. But I imagine she couldn't take it. Those tiny hammers beating down on her head—they can make you do strange things. The last I read about her, Gigi was briefly engaged to Elliott Roosevelt.

—Goodman Ace.

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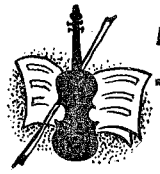

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Van Beinum's Bruckner and the Met's "Così"

AS A PORTENT of things to come Eduard van Beinum's New York debut as conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra was both agreeable and tantalizing. The quality of his direction in the D major (No. 96) Haydn and the E major (No. 7) Bruckner symphonies made one eager to hear more of it, especially with his own Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam. For this, however, one must wait till fall, when it comes for an American tour.

In appearance and procedure Van Beinum brought a welcome reminder of some qualities too long absent from local concert halls. He is no dramatist of the podium, no right-hand-for-the-orchestra, left-hand-for-the-audience man; rather, a thoroughly disciplined practitioner of the art of orchestral conducting, with an acute dynamic talent and a sense of continuity that made an absorbing thing even of the Bruckner slow movement.

Nobody need take my word for this, as the evidence is to hand in London LP Set 852-3. To be sure, there are differences of values to be noted between the remembered sound of the Philadelphia Orchestra in Carnegie Hall and the actual sound of the Concertgebouw Orchestra from the records. However, it was absorbing to note how Van Beinum tempered the power and brilliance of the Philadelphia ensemble to the more somber organ registrations wanted for Bruckner. And, in either instance, he shows us that there is something special and distinctive about conducting Bruckner. It has to do with a long line of thought, the transitions and digressions which Bruckner effects in his own way and without reference to conventional "symphonic" logic.

With the Bruckner, in Carnegie Hall, went a performance of the Haydn Symphony No. 96 which, in some critical quarters, was decried as "delicate." It was not as robust as some conductors (Beecham especially) have made it, but Van Beinum's courageous use of a small ensemble and the loving refinement of detail in the playing (especially by John de Lancie, an exceptional oboist who now shares the first chair with Marcel Tabuteau and seems destined to succeed him) left no doubt that he knew what he was about. It might have been a shade underproduced for Carnegie Hall, where, after all, he had not conducted before.

"Così" is back in the Metropolitan Opera, as gay as ever and with an even better ensemble achievement than previously, thanks to the experience in playing that has been granted to the enduring ensemble of Steber-Thebom - Munsell - Tucker - Guarrera-Brownlee under Fritz Stiedry's direction. It seemed last season that the fine integration had gone from Alfred Lunt's artfully contrived direction, but the performers have now passed from the mechanical imitation of prescribed movements to the embellishment of them with their own skills, with highly satisfactory results. The ground plan remains, since Lunt so cleverly integrated it with the music as to make them quite inseparable; but little nuances are constantly being added.

Musically the production profits from the happy circumstance that all the singers save Brownlee are in or still approaching their prime, and that the role of Alfonso suits him vocally better than anything he still sings. As for acting, his performance is an ever-present reminder to the other members of the cast that one effective small movement is worth ten distracting large ones, and that a wave of the hand or a shrug of the shoulders can be seen from the last row of seats (even in this huge theatre) provided the actor knows beforehand that he is going to wave his hand or shrug his shoulders and correlates it with what he is doing vocally. Finally, there is the clinging kind of sonority which Stiedry evokes so well in this score, though obviously there are times when it pains him to go from one measure to the next.

"Why 'Un Ballo'?" was the question raised last week in the wake of Arturo Toscanini's direction of the first act as the latest in his series of complete opera broadcasts on NBC. Working methodically and progressively, he showed us that the second and third acts of "Masked Ball" are worthy of their creation in the middle of Verdi's artistic life span.

Along the lines of thought pursued last week—to the effect that the whole dramatic thesis of "The Masked Ball" is awkward and contrived—it must be noted that it is the first act (with its two lengthy divisions) which are concerned with the mechanical and artificial. By the beginning of Act II the conditions that appealed to Verdi had been established, and he is able to devote himself without distraction to the dirty business in hand and its satisfyingly theatrical blend of malice and misunderstanding, envy, hate, and a small infusion of love.

For that matter, there is a good deal of padding in the last act ball, but to hear a chorus sing with the breath-taking precision Toscanini demanded, and got, was quite compensatory. For that matter, too, each familiar section, such as Amelia's "Ma dall' arido" and Renato's "Eri tu," had a new accent and definition under his dominating influence. As for orchestral playing, where does one hear Verdi played this way, save when the NBC orchestra plays it?

AS IN the aftermath of last week's experience, one must say that Jan Peerce, as Riccardo, was the one wholly satisfactory vocalist. His was art on the Toscanini level, which is as much as need be said of any singer. Herva Nelli had her moments of affecting expression, particularly when the tempo was slow and the demands of power not excessive, but she was hardly equal to the florid singing required of her or of the driving force needed of an Amelia in the climaxes. Robert Merrill's "Eri tu" was a vigorous deed, but the varieties of production heard from him in the dramatic exchanges might have belonged to three different baritones. In any case, I'd settle for one genuine Merrill in preference to the imitation Warren he seems to be determined to make of himself. Will there be another Toscanini-directed opera? Let us not doubt it, even if one of the last things that lingered in the ears was Riccardo's "Addio per sempre, o figli miei—per sempre Addio—diletta America . . ."

Miscellaneous musical events of the week included Walter Gieseking playing Bach, Schumann, Debussy, and Ravel with high expressiveness if with less than ultimate accuracy. But the accurate pianists are legion, the expressive ones singular. Even so great a practitioner as Gieseking cannot challenge Schumann's F sharp minor Sonata without being penalized by its diffuseness, especially in the finale. However, it was warm, fluid, wholly alive—a series of substantial virtues for any interpretative effort. Also worthy of note was Ralph Kirkpatrick's superb playing of Scarlatti on the harpischord in the first of three concerts in Town Hall. The Roland Petit Ballets de Paris began an engagement during the week, but the first-night performance suffered from so many staging shortcomings as to belie any merit in the repertory. It will be appraised next week, in the hope of finding some.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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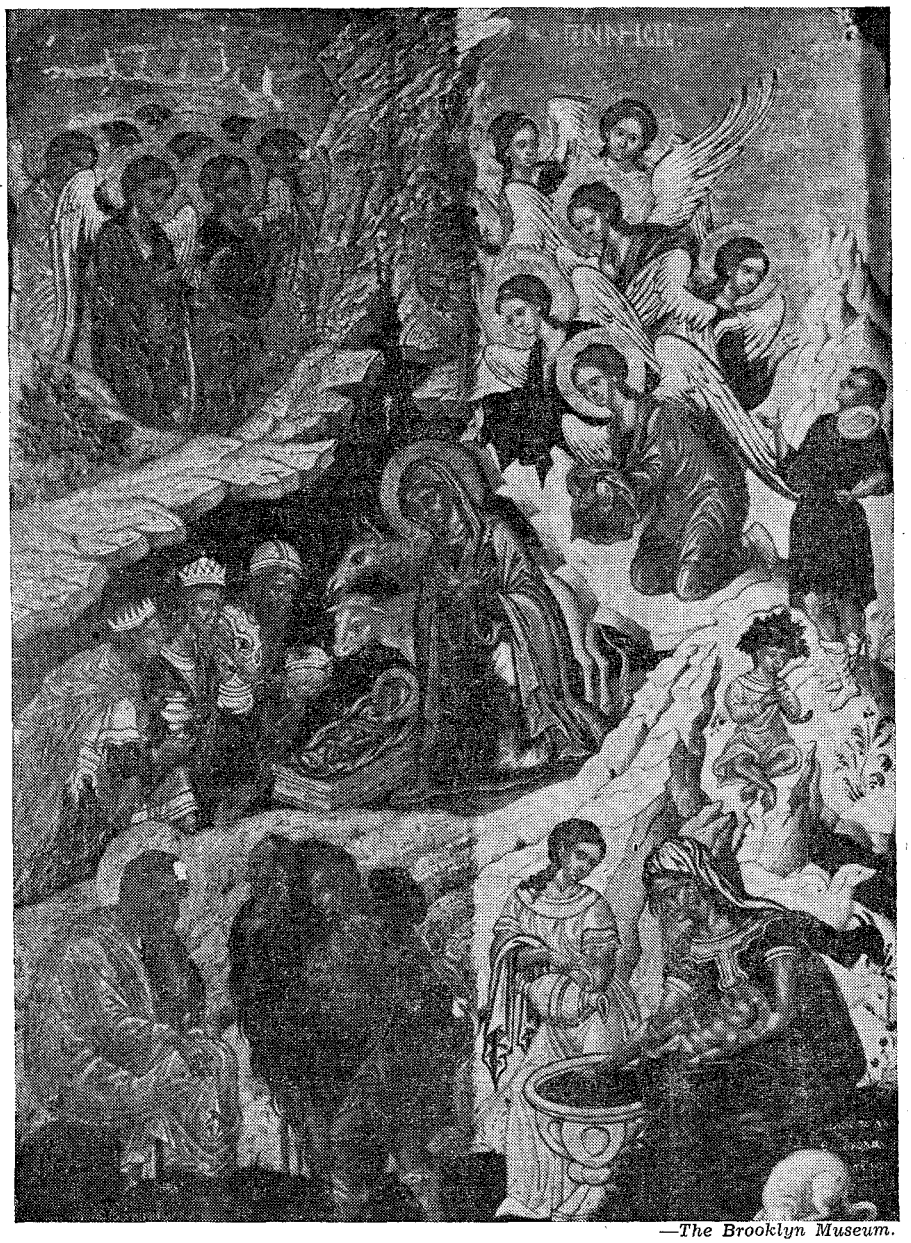
THE FINE ARTS

The Care and Feeding of Pictures



—*The Brooklyn Museum.*

Foscari's "Adoration of the Magi" with right side cleaned by the Kecks.

ON DISPLAY at the Brooklyn Museum until the end of February is an extraordinarily interesting exhibition entitled "Take Care." It deals with the preservation of pictures in various media and with such corollary problems as forgery, alteration by later hands, and mistaken attributions, naïve or contrived. Assembled by the Museum's official restorers, Sheldon and Caroline Keck, whose competence is widely acknowledged by colleagues in a field where rivalry is often expressed through loud recrimination or whispered curse, the show is well organized, understandable throughout, and a fascinating eye-opener for laymen and artists alike. It impresses us with the care, sometimes simple and sometimes complex, needed to keep paintings alive and in the state originally intended by their creators.

The fact is, as we all should know, that pictures can't stand rough handling of any kind. Most of them can't stand plain neglect. In the first gallery of the Brooklyn exhibition are a number of pictures in varying states of disrepair. They are frightening to see. But as one traces in succeeding galleries the immense progress made in the techniques of repair, a sense of hope returns. To begin with, the relatively new diagnostic processes—photographs taken in a raking light, ultra-violet and X-ray photos, microscopic examination of tiny fragments of pigment—these processes teach us a great deal about the structure and condition of a given picture. Among the most dramatic and startling displays in the Brooklyn show is one in which the repaint on a portrait is glaringly apparent under ultra-violet light but disappears when ordinary bulbs switch on. Another is an exhibit in which the merest dust of pigment is magnified unbelievably by a binocular microscope.

The uses of photographic, microscopic, and—in rare cases—chemical analyses are manifold. Through them the ravages of time, misuse, and accident can be made fairly precise and the procedures of repair outlined. Moreover, these analyses tell us much about the perennial problems of forgery and repaint. In the Brooklyn show there are some amazing examples of pictures which fool the naked but not the scientific eye—a "Renaissance" painting completed in very recent years by a young Florentine girl, for example, its crackle seeming a likely blemish of age. There are other pictures in which the various photographic processes reveal that figures have been moved about, eliminated, added, and even turned upside-down, sometimes by the artist himself but also on occasion by corrupt hands, eager to raise a given attribution to a higher commercial level.

FORGERIES and alterations, however, though subjects which appeal almost irresistibly to the gumshoe instinct in all of us, were not the main concern of the Kecks in assembling their show at Brooklyn. Their purpose was to teach the public (and the art profession) something about the care and feeding of genuine works of art. In this connection, the Brooklyn Museum and the Museum of Modern Art have jointly published a booklet by Mrs. Keck, entitled "How to Take Care of Your Pictures" ($1.50 at the exhibition, $1.95 elsewhere). I've heard some of my colleagues grumble about the colloquial style in which certain passages in the book are written. I disagree. The subject at hand is often quite technical in character, but Mrs. Keck makes it plain and readable.

On first seeing the book I thought at once of how much it just might have meant to a dealer I knew years ago who was a born assassin of works of art. Visits to his gallery were invariably punctuated by sounds from

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the back room of pictures falling, slithering, or yelping with pain as he pulled them out of their racks. Mrs. Keck tells us how to avoid the commonest accidents, which usually occur when pictures are removed from their walls. She reminds us that the back of a canvas is as vulnerable as its front, though its blank surfaces look deceptively unimportant (she advises cardboard covering). She tells us not to allow excessive picture wire to make bulges in the canvas; she asks us to be sure that stretchers are trued up and supplied with "keys" to prevent slack and strain. Most important of all, she points out graphically the three-dimensional character of any canvas, however thin, and makes us think about the fact that four physical layers are involved—canvas, priming coat, actual painting, and varnish. A basic consideration in preserving pictures is how to keep these four layers in a state of composure instead of letting them loose to play tug-of-war, with resultant strain on the painted image.

NO MATTER how careful we try to be in the handling of paintings, accidents happen and advancing age has its bitter say. Mrs. Keck's booklet has a section on home repairs and treatment. It is authoritative, of course, and outlines succinctly many ways in which first-aid can be applied by owners of paintings who don't wish or can't afford to turn the job over to professionals. But a modicum of dexterity is needed for even the simplest repairs, and I still think that those like myself, for whom winding a watch is an exhaustive feat of mechanical ingenuity, should leave pictures alone when they are in trouble.

There is a widespread belief that only old paintings ever need attention and that works created in our century are automatically vigorous because new. The opposite is often true. The poverty of beginning artists, the carelessness of some dealers and buyers, the experimentation of many of the greatest painters of our time with unconventional and untested media—these factors have combined to leave a number of modern works of art in poor, when not dangerous, condition. Any first-rate restorer will tell you that a Soutine frequently needs as much help as a Rembrandt, and the Kecks have been vigorous exponents of this truth. When you have finished reading Mrs. Keck's booklet you will be certain that owning or handling a work of art, whether old or young, involves a responsibility to bring it up properly. That is the message Mrs. Keck intended, and she's dead right.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.

A Great Colorist's Land

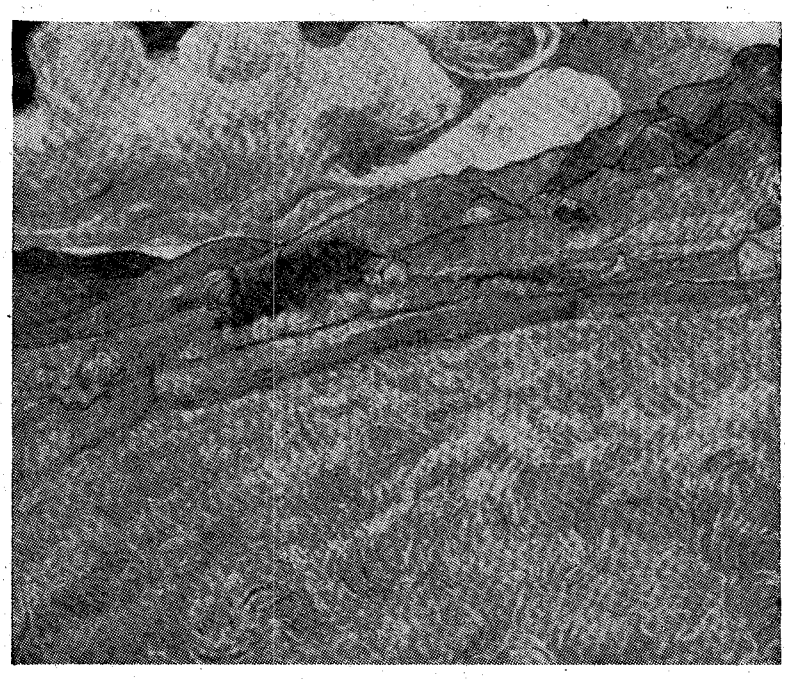
"The World of Van Gogh," with photographs by Emmy Andriesse and text by W. Jos de Gruyter *(British Book Centre. 151 pp. $4.95), is a collection of pictures of the land in which the great painter lived, so arranged as to illuminate his work. John Rewald, author of "A History of Impressionism," reviews it below and also discusses the reputation of the artist in America.*

By John Rewald

THE one hundredth anniversary of Vincent van Gogh's birth, which was celebrated last year by several exhibitions in his native Holland, is being commemorated only now in the United States with a circulating show composed mostly of loans from the two great Dutch collections of the painter's nephew and of the Kröller-Müller Foundation. It was held first in St. Louis and is presently on view in Philadelphia. Yet it seems somewhat difficult to grasp the fact that Van Gogh was born in 1853 and that he has now been dead for more than sixty years, since the passionate interest which Americans have shown in him is of so much more recent date.

Neither the life nor the work of any other artist has ever had a comparable impact on the imagination of the American public. The publication in 1934 of "Lust for Life," a fictionalized biography by Irving Stone, which immediately rose to best-sellerdom, deeply stirred several hundred thousand readers, most of whom in all likelihood never had read an art book in their lives. (It seems a miracle that this book did not attract the attention of Hollywood, but celluloid biographies were not yet in fashion then, and Van Gogh thus escaped the unenviable but "colorful" fate of his friend Toulouse-Lautrec).

While the public flocked in throngs to any showings of Van Gogh's works, while color reproductions of his paintings swamped the country, and while his fame was exploited commercially in every imaginable fashion, the artist was still extremely poorly represented in American museums. The catalogue of his canvases, published in Paris in 1939, lists only the Art Institute of Chicago, the Philips Gallery in Washington, and the museums of Detroit, Kansas City, St. Louis, and Toledo as owners of paintings by Van Gogh (besides the more or less inaccessible Barnes Foundation at Merion, Pa.). Not a single one of his pictures was publicly owned in New York, a gap which the Museum of Modern Art



"Van Gogh seems to have lent to his subjects a reality of such power . . .

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was there soon to close, however.

Here was clearly a case where public interest preceded museum acquisitions and actually made it ever more difficult for museums to obtain significant works by the painter, since there were few of his canvases on the market, while a steadily increasing number of private collectors were anxious and willing to pay ever-higher prices. The late Albert Lasker acquired in 1951, shortly before his death, one of Van Gogh's masterpieces for the record price of $135,000. Nevertheless, many American museums have been able in recent years, either through purchases or through gifts, to add important paintings by Van Gogh to their collections, among them the Metropolitan Museum in New York and the museums of Boston, Cleveland, and Minneapolis. But most small museums with limited purchase funds may never get a chance to enrich themselves in a similar fashion although no artist—either old or modern—is more popular with the crowds.

IT WOULD be difficult to say what exactly are the factors that have contributed to Van Gogh's enormous popularity in America. The tragic story of his life as told in his moving letters, his madness, the incident of his cut-off ear, and his suicide, while they aroused interest in many who might not otherwise have been stimulated by his works, are not wholly sufficient in themselves to explain why Van Gogh became such a favorite. The fact is that his work seems to reflect admirably all the tribulations of his life, that behind each canvas, even if it represents only an old pair of shoes, an almost bare bedroom in Arles, a wooden chair, the head of an old peasant, or a few sunflowers, there appears the painter himself with his longing for beauty and self-expression. The simplification of his design and his forceful, often crude colors in their flat patterns convey such direct and eloquent images that even the most unprepared onlooker does not escape their impact. The painter seems to have lent to his subjects a reality of such power that it effaces our own vision and substitutes his for it. Thus, the work of Van Gogh has penetrated deeply into the imagination of the American public, an imagination prepared for this visual adventure by the reading of fictionalized as well as of factual accounts of his life.

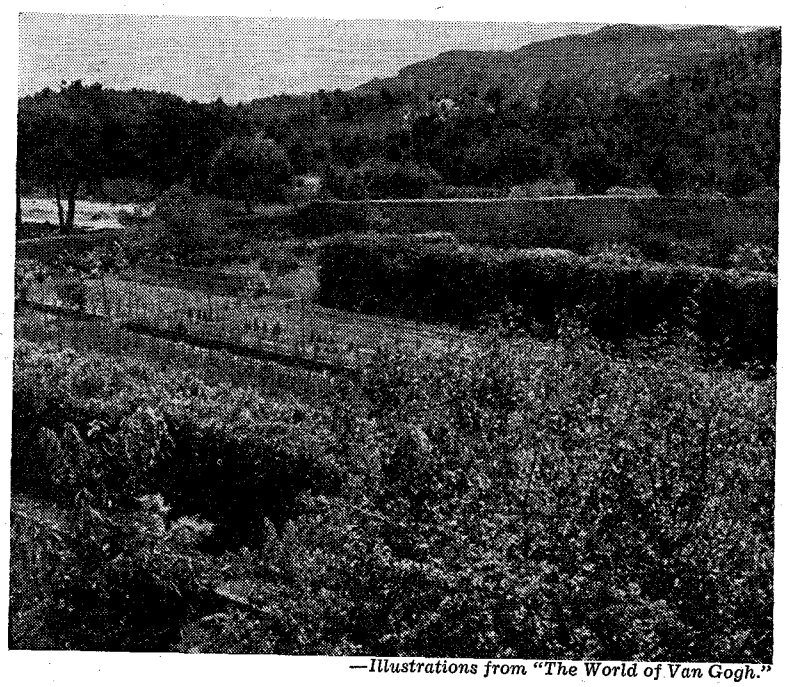
As had to be expected, since the publication of Stone's biography there have been numerous books on the painter, mostly richly illustrated (which his novel was not). In recent years with the ever-spreading demand for color reproductions there have been various portfolios and volumes illustrated exclusively with color-plates, such as those published by Skira and Harry N. Abrams. There is hardly an important canvas by Van Gogh which has not thus received wide distribution.

To the long Van Gogh bibliography a book of quite different aspect has now been added. It is not easy to review Emmy Andriesse's "The World of van Gogh" since its author died before completing her work. Because of her untimely death Miss Andriesse, a young and extremely gifted Dutch photographer, was unable to explore photographically all of Van Gogh's world as she had planned and could assemble only a series of very beautiful pictures concerned almost exclusively with Arles, Saint-Rémy, and Auvers. While these are assuredly the places which represent the most important and final phases of the painter's career, they are also those most familiar to his admirers and most frequently represented in his own works, whereas his less known early years in Holland and Belgium unfortunately are not covered here.

Miss Andriesse's intention was not so much to search for the actual sites depicted in Van Gogh's paintings and drawings as to recapture some of the beauty which captivated the artist in Southern France and later in Auvers. Although a good many of her pictures show sites made famous through Van Gogh's works, she has generally avoided taking her photographs from the same angle from which the painter studied his subjects. Comparisons between reproductions of paintings or drawings shown opposite her photographs therefore yield only meager results as far as the artist's approach to nature is concerned. What was more important to her was the mood of landscapes.

ONLY a few trivial photos mar the series, such as the opening shot of a sign with the inscription "Rue Vincent van Gogh" which adorns an extremely ugly and modern dead-end street that did not exist even under another name in Van Gogh's time. On the other hand, Miss Andriesse set to work after the Second World War during which the painter's house in Arles as well as the Trinquetaille bridge over the Rhône were completely destroyed. Since she apparently did not want to use any prewar photographs of these subjects, the editors should at least have included, for instance, reproductions of Van Gogh's own paintings of the house and of his bedroom, as these certainly represent aspects of his world.

The volume contains a good summary of Van Gogh's life by W. Jos de Gruyter, printed in German, French, and English; it also features numerous excerpts from the painter's letters which serve as captions and comments for the pictures. The book is beautifully bound and printed, the reproductions are uniformly excellent. On the whole this is a venture quite different from the ever-growing number of publications on Van Gogh and one that will be welcomed by those who want to acquaint themselves with his still quite unchanged world. Indeed, this is the best introduction to that world short of a pilgrimage to the places themselves.



—Illustrations from "The World of Van Gogh."

. . . that it effaces our own vision and substitutes his for it."

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Art of Albion

"Painting in Britain, 1530-1790," by Ellis K. Waterhouse *(Penguin Books. 271 pp., 192 plates. $8.50), another volume of the Pelican History of Art, carries the story from the coming of Holbein to the end of the "Classical" period. Below it is reviewed by Walter Pach, author of "The Art Museum in America" and other books.*

By Walter Pach

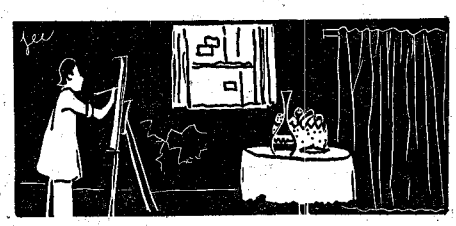
ELLIS K. WATERHOUSE'S excellent "Painting in Britain, 1530-1790" is of importance to Americans, because they will find in it not only the immediate forerunner of their own art but also an account of conditions paralleling those under which painting developed in this country. We see this at once if we consider how different the work would have been had Professor Waterhouse been writing on "British Painting," for a great deal of "Painting in Britain" was the work of Germans like Holbein and Kneller, or of Flemings like Van Dyck and Siberechts; influences from visiting Italians and Frenchmen are to be noted as well, and, finally, from America come the arts of Benjamin West, Copley, and Gilbert Stuart.

John Lane, that fine old English connoisseur and publisher, used to say that the coming of Van Dyck to the court of Charles I and the overwhelming influence he exerted on British painting had falsified the national school. But had its earlier members, men formed by the example of Holbein and Eworth (a Fleming), really given to their land an art distinctively its own Van Dyck would not have affected it so deeply. When the book in hand reaches another man from the Continent, Lely, we read: "His style, infinitely less subtle and less personal than Van Dyck's, left a deeper impress on British painting, and we can trace back to Lely, and perhaps no further, the main themes of later British portrait painters and the establishment of a sound, well-grounded, unimaginative tradition of studio practice which has dogged official portraiture in Britain to our own times."

Such frank words and, later, his speaking of "nausea" as the sensation produced in us by the painting of Sir John Millais are a sufficient guarantee of the freedom from nationalist prejudice with which Professor Waterhouse has approached his subject. Every page here is redolent of the fine scholarship which has made him scrutinize the historical records and the contemporary allusions (in letters, etc.) to the artists he writes about. To know their original works, often disguised under false attributions, he has visited what appears to be every important museum, castle, or other location in England and Scotland; his years in America, also, have helped him achieve his amazingly complete knowledge of British painting.

The subject may be studied from examples in this country, but only on condition that we remember how few sixteenth- and seventeenth-century works we possess, and how insufficiently Hogarth and the masters of "Conversation Pieces" are represented in our galleries. What we have very largely are portraits of the aristocracy and of the enriched middle class. Pictures of this type are what caused Elie Faure to write: "The English painter is not, as in France, an artisan still retaining his traditions, but domesticated for a time by the double tyranny of money and of fashion. In France the painter is a workman of art at the service of the man of society. In England the painter is a society man who practises painting as an amateur."

Mr. Waterhouse is aware of this failing, as he shows, for example, in discussing a picture by Michael Wright: "It seems to indicate the most deliberate and unblushing toadying to Cromwell"; later he will speak freely of "the conscienceless artists" of his country. Therefore, we may listen with confidence to his words on the artists he wholeheartedly admires, men like Ramsay, Reynolds, and Gainsborough, Richard Wilson and George Stubbs. The exaggerated rating, both artistic and financial, of the more famous British portraitists has had its sure consequence in a swing toward injustice as regards the British School as a whole. The book before us, with its impartiality and its sensitiveness to art values, should go far in establishing a balance between extremes. So well has Professor Waterhouse dealt with the period from 1530 (which marks the coming of Holbein) to 1790 (the end of the "Classical" period) that we must look forward with pleasure to a later volume centered on Constable and Turner; perhaps it may even discover for us unknown values in British painting of more recent times.



Ornament of Kings

"Art and Architecture in France, 1500-1700," by Anthony Blunt *(Penguin Books. 312 pp., 192 plates. $8.50), a new volume in the Pelican History of Art, covers the three great centuries between the Renaissance and Louis XIV. Here it is reviewed by H. W. Janson, chairman of the fine arts department at New York University.*

By H. W. Janson

AS THE SEPARATE TITLES of the Pelican History of Art come off the press—four, out of a projected forty-eight, have been issued so far, including Anthony Blunt's "Art and Architecture in France, 1500-1700"—the reader is struck ever more forcibly by the distinct individuality of each volume, which belies the sameness of size and physical appearance. In a publishing enterprise as ambitious and vast in scope as this such diversity is of the essence; nothing could be more depressing than the prospect of a shelf-ful of books as evenly matched (and as impersonal) as beads on a string.

Had the editor attempted to split up the whole vast realm of the history of art into forty-eight more or less equal portions the danger of straitjacket uniformity would indeed have been grave. Fortunately, he is following a flexible plan in which evenness of coverage is, at best, a secondary consideration. The amount of territory, geographic as well as historical, allotted to each volume varies within rather wide limits, so that the subject tends to impose its own special demands upon the author and thus effectively prevents him from following a standard pattern of treatment. Given the same number of pages and plates a book such as Benjamin Rowland's "The Art and Architecture of India" is bound to be very different in kind from Ellis K. Waterhouse's "Painting in Britain, 1530-1790"—to cite two of the titles already available. The first could hardly be anything but a survey; it calls for rigid economy in the choice of material, while the second approaches the character of a specialized monograph that may include a good many lesser masters and secondary monuments.

Measured against these extremes Professor Blunt's subject might be termed intermediate in scope: it is less inclusive than the one, yet a good deal broader than the other. The time span covered by this volume does not coincide with any of the great "periods" in the history of style. It must

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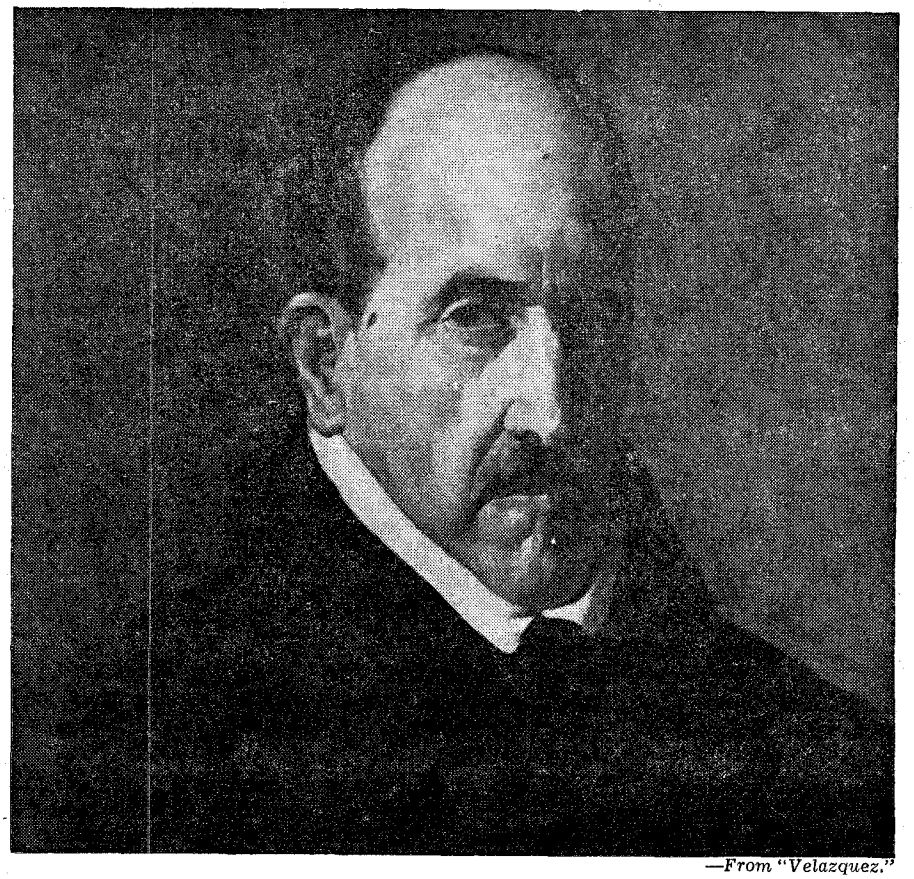
be understood, rather, as a phase in the development of French civilization as a whole, reflected in the visual arts. At the end of the fifteenth century France was still a loose grouping of feudal territories; the position of artistic leadership it had gained as the fountainhead of the Gothic style in the age of the great cathedrals had shifted long since to Italy and the Netherlands. Two hundred years later France was the dominant power on the Continent, politically as well as culturally, and Paris had succeeded Rome as the artistic capital of the Western world.

THE unifying theme of Professor Blunt's book, then, is the emergence of the national tradition that has given such strength and continuity to the achievements of French art ever since the reign of Louis XIV. The growth of this tradition, however, resembles nothing less than a simple upward curve. Geographically and spiritually France is a mediator between the Germanic North and the Latin South; its art has always been nourished from both sources without giving permanent allegiance to either, as if engaged in a never-ending search for the perfect synthesis.

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the movements of French taste make a particularly complex pattern. They were, moreover, shaped to an extraordinary degree by political and social events, such as the Italian campaigns of Charles VIII, Louis XII, and Francis I, which accelerated the influx of Renaissance forms, or the tightly controlled system of art instruction and patronage set up by Colbert as part of his general administrative reforms. Frenchmen have long acknowledged this fact by using the names of their rulers to designate artistic styles, and Professor Blunt, too, takes account of it.

At first glance such a scheme might seem overly systematic, but the wealth and variety of material presented in these three hundred pages could hardly have been organized more clearly and efficiently. The lesser ramifications of the subject have for the most part been relegated to the notes, so that the text as a whole has an astonishing degree of continuity and balance. If the author speaks with greater eloquence of François Mansart or Nicolas Poussin than of certain earlier masters, no one will begrudge his special enthusiasms, which only serve to enhance an account that remains at all times a happy blend of analytical scholarship and sympathetic insight. We shall be fortunate indeed if other volumes of the Pelican History of Art reach the same level of distinction.



—*From "Velazquez."*

Velazquez's portrait of Luis de Gongora y Argote—a famous Spanish poet.

Painter of the Planet King

"Velazquez" *(Random House. 101 pp. $7.50) is an album of reproductions of the Spanish artist's pictures, fifty-three in color. The introduction and interleaving text by the philosopher José Ortega y Gasset has been translated by C. David Ley. The work is reviewed below by Professor José López-Rey of New York University, author of "Goya's Caprichos" and other works.*

By José López-Rey

IT IS with a double interest that we approach an essay by a well-known man of letters on a great artist. The essayist may, on the one hand, quicken us to a new enjoyment of works we have delighted in before; he may also take us into the intricacies of his own mind either by identifying it with his hero's, or by depicting his subject as a counter-figure to himself.

For a volume of reproductions of Velazquez's pictures brought out in book form by Random House José Ortega y Gasset has written an introduction and interleaving text. In the former, entitled "Velazquez and His Fame," Ortega expresses the opinion that Velazquez's reputation as a painter did not travel far beyond the royal chambers where "until a hundred years ago his work lay concealed." Instead, the fame of the painter to Philip IV was from the beginning "official," and "there was none of that direct enthusiasm behind it which the connoisseurs of art would have felt for his works if they had been able to see them." Even after he had painted the portrait of Pope Innocent X Velazquez's reputation in Italy "persisted in a rather unnoticed way." And throughout the eighteenth century the artist's fame was dim even in Spain; it was only between 1880 and 1920 that his greatness was fully recognized. Today it is again on the wane.

Those acquainted with the fortunes of Velazquez's renown through the centuries may justifiably take exception to most of these statements. It is, for instance, unquestionable that in the artist's own lifetime a sizable number of the works he did after his appointment as painter to the King were sent abroad or found their way

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into private Spanish collections. Moreover, the notion that the pictures kept in the Royal Palace were inaccessible to seventeenth- and eighteenth-century connoisseurs is easily disproved; that the Italian public and artists were indifferent to the pictures done by Velazquez in Italy can be disputed merely by making fuller quotations from the sources which Ortega cites. As for the attitude of the Spanish, the testimony of Quevedo, a writer who was never overanxious to agree with official views, is one of several pieces of evidence that there was direct enthusiasm behind Velazquez's fame.

Nor can one resist pointing out such inaccuracies as Ortega's statement that Palomino (whose book on the lives of Spanish artists appeared in 1724) was Velazquez's "first" biographer, and that he "wrote twenty years after the painter's death"; or his assertion that the opinions of Goya, who openly expressed his admiration for Velazquez, "were not respected in his time."

SUCH inaccuracies, as well as some of Ortega's sweeping statements, will discomfort the knowledgeable reader. Few, however, will quarrel with the author's acceptance of the more familiar view that Velazquez "spared all his energy for his artistic endeavors," or with his well-reasoned rejection of the belief that Velazquez's palace duties prevented the artist from painting a larger number of pictures. Still fewer will nowadays dissent from the opinion that Velazquez remained "honestly faithful to what he considered the true aim of painting," without ever lowering the standard he had set for himself from the start of his career. Whether or not Ortega so intended it, the limited fame which he attributes to Velazquez results in enhancing the painter's integrity.

Ortega, in turning once more from his favorite philosophic themes to art history, has undertaken what many a critic or historian might have refused; he has written a series of interleaving texts for a selection of paintings not of his own choice. This affords him an opportunity to elaborate upon the points he raises in the introduction.

It was perhaps unnecessary to include in a book directed to the layman pictures whose authenticity is admittedly dubious or has been convincingly rejected. The questionable works, however, have been so noted in the list of illustrations. As for the quality of the plates, fifty-three of which are in color, one may say that as a whole they meet today's standards.

The Books of Princes

"Italian Manuscripts in the Pierpont Morgan Library" *(Pierpont Morgan Library. 156 pp., 78 plates. $20) is a descriptive survey of the principal illuminated manuscripts, dating from the sixth to sixteenth centuries, in that library. The catalogue was compiled by Meta Harrsen and George K. Boyce; there is an introduction by Bernard Berenson. Below the work is reviewed by Harry Bober, assistant professor of fine arts at Harvard University.*

By Harry Bober

WITH discrimination and skill, drawn from years of experience with people who enjoy manuscripts for whatever reasons, the Pierpont Morgan Library has issued a splendid book to meet diverse needs and interests. Such is the perfection in presentation that book-lovers will prize "Italian Manuscripts in the Pierpont Morgan Library" as much for itself as for its content. This is not a catalogue in any strict sense and, in fact, the word has been deliberately avoided. This is a "descriptive survey" covering 103 illuminated manuscripts and twenty-two autograph letters and documents, constituting the finest collection in America. Plates (some in color) reproduce illustrations from more than half of the manuscripts; descriptive data for each item contain all essential information in concentrated and readable form without cumbersome bibliographical apparatus. Herewith is initiated a long-range plan for systematic publication of all important medieval and Renaissance manuscripts now housed in the "noble precincts" of 33 East 36th Street, New York City.

Is there any person for whom the

—*The Pierpont Morgan Library*

"Adoration of the Magi": illustration from a sixteenth-century Milanese choirbook.

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illustrated manuscript would have nothing to offer? The most casual layman, dilettante, or amateur would find pleasure in the mere sight of these treasures of great churchmen, princes, and bibliophiles of the past. Nowhere is the pictorial expression of the Middle Ages preserved with greater authenticity and immediacy than in the sheltering leaves of the manuscript. Small wonder that some librarians—this certainly does not apply to the Morgan Library—keep their manuscripts, as Bernard Berenson says, "like houris in a harem." The historian of art well knows the worth of these miniatures for their intrinsic esthetic qualities and for the understanding they afford in large areas of history where monumental works have been lost. The illuminations serve also to enlighten the historian of religion, the student of cultural and social developments. But such students may also turn to the texts which, after all, provide the primary material for history, philosophy, theology, literature, music, medicine, and science. All these things and more are in the present collection; even richer are the resources yet to be published.

CHRONOLOGICALLY the manuscripts range from a sixth-century portion of the letters of Pliny the Younger (earliest extant manuscript of this record), to a late sixteenth-century Gospel Book. The intervening centuries are represented by a wide variety of secular and religious writings. Among the former are illustrated works of classical and Italian literature, philosophy, and science (Aristotle, Cicero, Horace, Virgil, Aesop, Dante, Boccaccio). In a class by itself is the beautifully painted pack of fifteenth-century playing cards (*trocchi*) made for a member of the Visconti-Sforza family. The religious examples include the expected Bibles, Missals, etc., as well as theological treatises, but all in magnificent examples. Thoughtful browsing in a collection of this kind will discover valuable as well as delightful curiosities. The Provençal *Chansonnier* (no. 14) of the late thirteenth century, "aside from its unique cycle of illustrations . . . comprises one of the most important collections of Provençal poetry in existence." Another manuscript (No. 50) contains, in addition to the veterinarian text, 152 drawings pertaining to medical treatment of horses.

The autograph letters present a dazzling array of Renaissance personalities: Machiavelli, Cesare Borgia, Baldassare Castiglione, Savonarola, Michelangelo, Titian, and Cellini. These are "a minor but representative fraction" of the entire collection. In fact, there are some sixty items which have been intentionally omitted from the manuscript section, which is limited to the "notable" examples. Considering the pains taken by the authors and publishers to make this a book of enduring value—which it surely is—one may question their judgment only with utmost reluctance. Yet, a few additional pages with a hand-list of presumably less important material would have been of inestimable value if only to allay the haunting and tantalizing suspicions of the scholar that things may not always be as insignificant as others would suppose. The price of the book will not be surprising to anyone who has seen its good paper, fine printing, plates, and binding, but it will mean that regrettably few of the seven hundred and fifty copies issued will find their way into private hands.

The book that marks a new era in American writing

When author Ben Lucien Burman's first work appeared in the late twenties noted critics hailed him as the great hope of American literature. But the hardboiled school was all the rage and his work was submerged in the torrid tide. Now the tide has turned. It isn't often that a novel receives the phenomenal reviews that have acclaimed *The Four Lives of Mundy Tolliver*. It has been called "wonderful", "marvelous", "masterpiece". People who have forgotten how to read fiction are discovering again the joy of reading a truly great novel. As Harrison Smith, President of *The Saturday Review* says: "Ben Lucien Burman's *The Four Lives of Mundy Tolliver* is like a breath of the fall after a hot summer." Oliver St. John Gogarty says: "Superb . . . This book confirms my opinion that Ben Lucien Burman is America's greatest living interpreter."

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THE FOUR LIVES OF MUNDY TOLLIVER

By BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

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SR's World Travel Calendar

MARCH, APRIL, MAY

Australia

THE ROYAL VISIT *(Melbourne, Mar. 1-9; Brisbane, Mar. 9-18; Adelaide, Mar. 18-26; Perth, Mar. 27-Apr. 1):* Visit of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II and the Duke of Edinburgh.

TENNIS *(Adelaide, Mar. 5, 6; Perth, Mar. 12, 13):* South Africa vs. Australia.

EASTER ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW *(Sydney, Apr. 9-20):* The nation's major agricultural event. Attracts 1,000,000 visitors.

NATIONAL SURF CHAMPIONSHIPS *(Southport, Apr. 17):* Surf-boat, belt races, life-saving events for life guards from all parts of Australia.

Austria

FANCY DRESS BALLS *(Vienna, Mar. 1, 2):* Climax of traditional pre-Lenten carnival.

CONCERTS *(Vienna):* *Mar. 3, 4,* Karl Böhm will conduct the Vienna Symphony Orchestra.
Mar. 13, 14, Joseph Keilberth conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra in Pfitzner's "Romantische Kantate" and "Von deutscher Seele." Lieder recitals: Carla Dragica Martinis, *April 22;* Wolfgang Windgassen, *May 13.*

WINTER SPORTS *(Solbad Hall, Tyrol, Apr. 5):* International Stempeljoch giant slalom.

Britain

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL *(Stratford-on-Avon, Mar. 16-Oct. 30).*

GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE *(Aintree, Liverpool, Mar. 27).*

UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE *(Putney to Mortlake, Apr. 3):* Oxford vs. Cambridge.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL *(Wembley, Apr. 10):* Amateur Cup Final.

TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS *(Bournemouth, Apr. 26-May 1):* For hard-court title of Great Britain.

BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR *(London and Birmingham, May 3-15):* Britain's big show.

MUSIC, DRAMA FESTIVAL *(Isle of Man, May 3-15).*

FESTIVAL OF MUSIC *(Hastings, May 4-8):* Featuring the London Philharmonic.

ROYAL WINDSOR HORSE SHOW *(Home Park, Windsor, May 20-22).*

ASSEMBLY *(Bath, May 22-June 5):* Music, drama, fancy-dress ball.

Finland

ART EXHIBITION *(Helsinki, Mar. 1-31):* Paintings of Finnish artists.

SKIING *(Kuopio, Mar. 13, 14):* Puijo International Winter Games.

FAIR *(Helsinki, Apr. 2-11):* Great spring fair.

SPRING FESTIVALS *(Nationwide, May 1).*

France

CARNIVAL *(Nice, Mar. 1, 2).*

BIKE RACE *(Paris, Mar. 1-3):* Last half of famous annual six-day race.

HORSE RACES *(Paris):* Prix d'Auteuil, *Mar. 14;* Prix Murat, *Mar. 21.*

MARIAN PILGRIMAGE *(Lourdes, Mar. 25).*

FILM FESTIVAL *(Cannes, Mar. 26-Apr. 9):* Seventh international festival; to feature 3-D movies.

MUSIC FESTIVALS *(Bordeaux, May 18-30; Lyons-Charbonnieres, May 20-June 18).*

Germany

FAIRS *(Frankfurt, Mar. 6-11; Offenbach, Mar. 6-11; Cologne, Mar. 7-9; 14-16; Cologne "Photokina," Apr. 3-11; Hanover, Apr. 25-May 4; Munich, May 15-27.)*

SKIING *(Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Mar. 14):* First time International Kandahar Races will take place in Germany.

AVIATION EXHIBITION *(Frankfurt, Apr. 10-14):* First postwar air show in Germany at Rhein-Main Airport.

AUTO RACES *(Lake Constance rally to Lindau, Apr. 22-25; European long-distance championship elimination, Wiesbaden, May 12-16; ADAC Eifel races on the Nuerburgring, May 23; Grand Prize of Berlin on the AVUS track, May 27.)*

MUSIC FESTIVALS *(Bonn, April-May, Beethoven Festival; Wiesbaden, throughout May, opera festival; Düsseldorf, May 30-June 17, World Music Festival.)*

Hawaii

KUHIO DAY *(Honolulu, Mar. 26):* Tribute to late Prince Kuhio, Hawaiian patriot.

CHERRY BLOSSOM FESTIVAL *(Honolulu, Apr. 14-24.)*

HOME TOURS *(Honolulu, Apr. 27.)*

GARDEN CLUB TOURS *(Honolulu, Apr. 13, 29; May 11, 28.)*

LEI DAY *(Honolulu, May 1.)* Pageants, prizes for prettiest leis.

Holland

AUTO SHOW *(Amsterdam, May 1-8).*

TULIP TIME *(Lisse, Mar. 15-May 15.)* National flower show, "Keikenhof." *(The Hague to Haarlem, Apr. 15-May 15.)* Fields bright with tulips, parade of floats.

INDUSTRIES FAIR *(Utrecht, Mar. 30-Apr. 8):* Products in copper, brass, pewter, silver; electrical appliances, engineering exhibits.

Ireland

ST. PATRICK'S DAY *(Nationwide, Mar. 17):* Dog show; hurling and football cup finals in Dublin; parade.

AN TOSTAL *(Nationwide, Apr. 18-May 9):* "Ireland at Home," celebrated with flower festival, traditional Gaelic events, pageants, dances, dramas.

HORSE RACING *(The Curragh):* Irish 1,000 and 2,000 Guineas in mid-May, followed by the Irish Derby.

Israel

PURIM *(Nationwide, Mar. 19, 20):* Masked balls a high light, especially in Tel Aviv; children parade in costume.

PASSOVER *(Nationwide, Apr. 18-24):* A traditional second Seder held for tourists in Jerusalem.

EASTER *(Jerusalem, April 18).*

INDEPENDENCE DAY *(May 9).* Parades, speeches.

FESTIVAL, CONGRESS OF INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC *(Haifa, May 28-June 8):* Israel Philharmonic Orchestra will play; concerts also in Jerusalem.

Italy

CARNIVAL *(Viareggio, Mar. 1, 2):* Masking, confetti, flower battles, parade of gigantic floats.

MARCH OF PENITENTS *(Rome, March 3).* Members of noble families take part in traditional procession on Ash Wednesday.

MUSIC PRIZES *(Rome, Apr. 5-15):* Competition for twelve composers of several nations.

HOLY WEEK *(Apr. 11-18):* Passion plays, pageants in Acireale, Assisi, Caltanisetta, Florence, Francavilla di Sicilia, Genoa, Grassina, Isnello, Parma, Piana Degli Albanesi, Rome, Sezze, Trapani.

SAMPLES FAIR *(Milan, Apr. 12-28):* Last two days set aside for foreign visitors.

Japan

CHERRY BLOSSOM FESTIVAL *(Kyoto, Osaka, Tokyo, Apr. 1-15):* Cherry dances in Tokyo.

EXPOSITION *(Uji-Yamada, Apr. 1-May 31):* Commemorate reconstruction of the Ise Grand Shrine.

TRADE FAIR *(Osaka, Apr. 10-23):* First postwar international fair in Japan.

CHILDREN'S DAY *(Nationwide, May 5).*

Norway

LAPP MARKET *(Bossekop, Finnmark, Mar. 1-7).*

HOLMENKOLLEN WEEK *(Oslo, March 1-7).* International ski meet at Olympic Arena.

CONSTITUTION DAY *(Nationwide, May 17).* Patriotic celebrations.

Panama

CARNIVAL *(Panama City, Mar. 1, 2).*

TRADE FAIR *(Colon, Mar. 20-Apr. 4).*

Spain

HOLY WEEK *(Apr. 11-18):* Spectacular pageants at Granada, Malaga, Seville, Valladolid.

FAIR *(Seville, Apr. 27-May 2):* The most important fair in Spain. Bullfights, parades, dancing in the streets.

SAMPLES FAIR *(Valencia, May 10-25).* The 32nd annual exhibition.

Sweden

WORLD SKI CHAMPIONSHIP *(Are, Mar 1-7):* Alpine contests, on slopes of Areskutan Mountain.

VASA SKI RACE *(Mora, Mar. 7):* Competition marks similar feat by Gustav Eriksson Vasa in 1521. Race covers fifty miles.

AUTO SHOW *(Stockholm, Apr. 1-4).*

WALPURGIS NIGHT *(Nationwide, Apr. 30):* Salute to arrival of spring.

Switzerland

CARNIVAL *(Basel, Mar. 8-10).*

RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS *(Mendrisio, Apr. 15, 16):* Holy Thursday and Good Friday observances.

"LANDSGEMEINDE" *(Glarus, May 2):* People's open-air parliament.

SWISS INDUSTRIES FAIR *(Basel, May 8-18).*

"HOSPES" *(Berne, May 14-June 21):* Swiss Tourisme and International Cookery Exhibition.

ORNITHOLOGICAL CONGRESS *(Basel, May 29-June 5).* The 11th international congress.

Turkey

CHILDREN'S DAY *(Nationwide, Apr. 22, 23).* Major celebrations in Ankara, Istanbul.

SPRING FESTIVAL *(Nationwide, May 1).*

YOUTH, SPORTS DAY *(Nationwide, May 19).*

TURKISH WRESTLING CHAMPIONSHIPS *(Kirkpinar, May 24, 25.)*

USA

CARNIVALS *(Mobile, Ala., New Orleans, La., Mar. 1, 2):* Parades, dancing in the streets.

GARDEN SYMPOSIUM *(Williamsburg, Va., Mar. 3-5):* Discussions to be led by experts on landscaping, horticulture.

TITLE HOLDERS' GOLF TOURNAMENT *(Augusta, Ga., Mar. 18-21):* Limited to top-flight women golfers.

SUNRISE SERVICES *(Apr. 18, Easter):* Long-established religious observances at Hollywood Bowl, Riverside, and San Diego, Calif.; Grand Canyon, Arizona; Winston-Salem, North Carolina; Atlantic City, N. J.; Hill Cumorah, near Palmyra, N. Y.

KENTUCKY DERBY *(Louisville, Ky., May 1).*

INDIANAPOLIS SPEED CLASSIC *(Indianapolis, Ind., May 31):* Famous 500-mile automobile race to attract best drivers, 100,000 spectators.

—ROBERT MEYER, JR.

Further information may be obtained by writing World Calendar, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Counselor at Sea

A GENTLEMAN with a stunning sun tan and a soft tweed jacket popped in our office the other day and said, "There are no lonely women on cruises." He turned out to be Mr. Robert Smith, who should know since he spends every December to May cruising the Caribbean and other warm places on behalf of the Holland America Line, a business he has been about since 1932, not counting time out for the war.

"The average girl who couldn't get a date in her home town comes on a cruise and she's the belle of the ship," Smith told us, and we were startled indeed. We had always been of the opinion that cruises were nesting places for widows and lonely-hearts. That might be true in the summer and in the fall, Smith said, but there is definitely a shortage of women in winter. Men are currently outnumbering women by seven to one aboard the ships that sail the southbound waters. "You get seven fellows out there chasing one person through the tropics and she's a pretty popular gal," was the way Smith put it.

We asked Mr. Smith, who is cruise director aboard the S. S. *Nieuw Amsterdam*, what manner of man it is who usually gets the girl. We regret to report that it is usually the wolf who wins, for he is the type who knows all the tricks. "Back in the old days," said Smith, "men used to stand off and not tie themselves up. Now if they don't tie themselves up right away they're finished. Before we hit the first port of call everyone is pretty well mated." It is usually about three days to the first port, which may be Port-au-Prince, Cartagena, or Curaçao.

The first day out Mr. Smith's department organizes a dance for the unattached. "We try everything imaginable to mix them up," Mr. Smith revealed. "After that we turn them over to the social directress and she tries to pick up the loose ends. After the first port there may be somebody wandering around who bet on the wrong horse. Or maybe a man had fire in his eye and the lady didn't want to share it. She will be back in circulation again and he will be on the prowl. It's up to the social directress to attach the unattached."

The successful sea-going wolf operates in a series of carefully planned phases making utmost use of indigenous facilities especially if free. Having selected his prey, he first invites the lady to cocktails. The second step is to invite her to his table and order a special dinner, which is impressive but costs him nothing. After dinner he invites her to the smoking room and orders coffee and liqueurs. The coffee is free and liqueurs aboard ship cost about a quarter. Afterwards he takes her to the ship's cafe, where they dance to a New York orchestra. There is no cover charge, no minimum, and highballs are forty cents. Then he takes her for a moonlit walk on deck. The ship is approaching southern waters and the air is warm and tropical.

When the ship arrives in port the suave sea wolf will urge the girl to take the conducted tour. This way he can go off on his own and buy his own gifts without having to buy hers, too. Once on board again he renews the encounter and the pair spend the evening watching a live Broadway show which most cruise ships bring along from Manhattan. The show is free and all he has to pay for are the forty-cent highballs. This goes on for fifteen days.

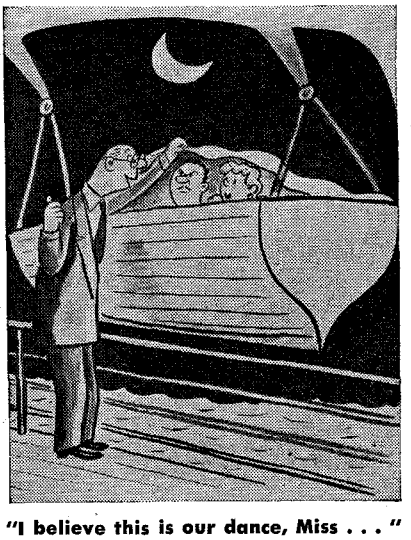
ONCE the ship leaves the last port and heads home there is a different atmosphere in the air. Says Smith, "We are going north to colder climate and the atmosphere cools off, too. The sea wolf has packing to do and so does she. There is an excuse for them to stay away from each other. By the time the ship is docked they're almost total strangers. People who were slapping each other on the back are getting cooler, too. It's the cruise director's toughest time, and it's all caused by people beginning to worry. They wonder, 'What's happened to the family, what's happened to the business, did I spend too much money, was I away too long?' "

Smith's staff saves its liveliest shows, its funniest games, and its best movies for the end to keep people's minds off themselves. The people with the most anxious anxieties seem to

"When did you bury yours?"

Cruise ships were once filled with unattached women, but the winter ratio is 7-1 the other way.

CRUISE CRAZE: If you had some free time this winter and 110 idle dollars you could take a short cruise to Bermuda. If you had lots of free time and about 32,000 idle dollars you could take yourself and friend on a ninety-nine-day excursion to the South Pacific. Aside from these two excursions that anchor either end of this year's cruise list there are nearly 150 other packaged sea vacations to places that are warmer, more exotic, or—preferably—both. This year's pleasure-bound fleet has been expanded by new ships like the *Kungsholm*, the Greek liner *Olympia*, the Swedish Lloyd's *Patricia*. Even the great *Ile de France* has veered from the stormy Atlantic and will be the largest ship buzzing through the West Indies. What it feels like to be a cruise director in this, the biggest of cruise years is recorded in the space above.



"I believe this is our dance, Miss . . . "

By the first port everyone is spoken for, but it is almost always the wolf who gets the girl.

—From "Oops, Wrong Stateroom," by Syd Hoff.

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come from New York, Philadelphia, and Washington. People from the West who may be spending some time en route to their homes are inclined to suffer fewer shipboard anxieties than Easterners. But all passengers, Smith has noticed, are "trying to break away from themselves." More people enter the cruising masquerade parties than ever before. "Before the war," Smith recalled, "we had to beat them out of the bushes to take part. Now we have to talk them out of dressing up. We've got more than we can handle. We size them up as they come aboard. We see two kindly old folks and we say, 'Now here's a pair that won't be entering the masquerade.' And first thing you know he comes to the party all smeared up in some black grease and she's dancing around in a leopard skin."

When Smith is not cruising he is in Atlantic City, where he owns three hotels, the Belvedere, the Seaview, and Bouvier. He says: "They are not on the boardwalk but they are in the black." The family doesn't miss him much in winter, since his son is an assistant cruise director on the *Maasdam* and his wife is a social directress with the French Line. She is on the *Antille* now but she will shortly switch to the *Ile de France* and the Smiths will get to see each other the coincidental day the *Ile* and the *Nieuw Amsterdam* arrive in Panama simultaneously. After Smith's eight cruises are over he will meet his wife in Europe. Then they'll go traveling.

—Horace Sutton.

Traveler's Tale

YOUNG FOLKS A-SAILING: Number Twenty-one of the Mariners Library, a happily conceived English series the authors of which include such noteworthy literary seafarers as Capt. Joshua Slocum, H. M. Tomlinson, and Hillaire Belloc, recounts the separate experiences of two young people on wooden sailing ship voyages they made many years ago. While these modest memoirs do not seriously challenge the reputations of the above gentlemen, they have found an apt niche in this collection.

"Young" is barely an adequate description of Lis Andersen. She was just twelve years of age when she recorded her impressions of her voyage made the previous year. The vessel was an old Danish fishing ketch owned and skippered by her father, who sank his last *kroner* into it for apparently no other reason than to take his family skylarking about the Atlantic back in 1929, which wasn't a bad year to go skylarking, at that. (It was a year when a great many New Yorkers wished they were in Vienna, and many Austrians wished they were in New York, etc.)

Lis was a merry, careful observer, and her ingenuous descriptions of such scattered ports of call as the lonely island of Tristan de Cunha and the peculiar island of Manhattan make felicitous reading. There is useful information, too. For instance, Lis says the way you tell whether a fish is poisonous before eating it is to boil the head in water with a silver spoon. If the spoon turns black throw the monster back. **"Lis Sails the Atlantic"** (British Book Centre, $2.75) is an especially good book for younger patrons of the Mariners Library.

Some American publisher, incidentally, might well do sea-struck readers here a good turn by instituting such a sturdy shelf as the Mariners Library, one perhaps more selectively edited.

—J. M. Flagler.

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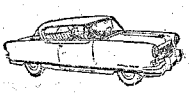

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Ship and Plane

Continued from page 21

any big nation with a haphazard future in Air would have no future at all." We cannot afford to have the second-best war planes. Governed by this urgency prophecy becomes a part of strategy. The amount of brains, effort, and money channeled into aeronautical research is a guarantee of "progress," and the conception of progress is tied to what is known to be feasible—not to what is thought to be possible.

THE achievement of greater speed seems to be one of the easier tasks of aeronautics. The jet engine is not fast enough. The Air Force believes, says Mr. Alexander, that "as a steed for the super-altitudes the jet is already passé." The rocket will replace the jet. Soon the time will come, an Air Force official solemnly promises, when "we'll be able to take off after breakfast and land somewhere for dinner the night before." But the rocket, prodigal waster of fuel, will have as brief a lifetime as jet propulsion. For additional speed and range we will have to turn to nuclear fuels. Air scientists are dissatisfied, however, with all forms of the thermal reaction motor—propulsion that depends on the ejection of hot molecules. The next big development, says one of them, will be the ionic engine which will kick itself along by ejecting electrified (ionized) particles of gas instead of heated particles of the same. The ionic engine will have five thousand times the mass efficiency of the modern rocket.

Better means of propulsion, superior building materials, and improved design offer their special problems. But the most formidable difficulties are encountered because of the natural limitations of the human body and brain. The range of human endurance to heat, cold, noise, acceleration, and boredom is small relative to our ability to devise new machines. Somewhat more can be done to increase our ability to master them.

The flier's eye is already overtaxed by the profusion of instrument dials in a modern plane. The other senses are being put to work. Prearranged codes of smell are being used to convey information to pilots. There are vapors that can be tasted rather than smelled. Mild electric currents sent from the pilot's helmet into his head can be used as signals. The forehead can be used as a panel pusher, the chin as a button pusher. "For rotary motions the tongue—yes, even the buttocks—can do the work of hands and feet." In the planes of tomorrow, Mr. Alexander notes, "every little wiggle has a function all its own."

Various phases of the air future have been touched on in press releases and magazine articles. With greater information and more specific detail, "Tomorrow's Air Age"—as far as Security permits—gives a rounded picture of the changes in aviation that will occur in the next few years. Mr. Alexander shows us how some of those changes will affect our daily lives. It is an awesome and impressive picture.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

"AND THEY BOTH LIVED HAPPILY—"

Anna M. Anderson of New York City submits twenty book-titles which, read in sequence, provide the outline of a romantic adventure story which has probably been written ten thousand times. She asks for identification of the twenty authors. Allowing five points for each identification, a score of sixty is pretty good, sixty-five to eighty rather heartening, and eighty-five or better real nice going. Answers on page 45.

1. "A Lady of Quality"
2. "Don Juan"
3. "The Inheritance"
4. "Heaps of Money"
5. "Robbery Under Arms"
6. "The Mysterious Stranger"
7. "Kidnapped"
8. "The Rescue"
9. "Country Doctor"
10. "The Net"
11. "The Prisoner"
12. "Good-bye Sweetheart"
13. "The Liars"
14. "The Fighting Chance"
15. "The Miser" ("L'Avare")
16. "Confessions"
17. "After the Pardon"
18. "The Little Minister"
19. "Together"
20. "The Land of Heart's Desire"

We're So Sorry

To S.R. readers who were planning a Thrift Cruise, armchair or in persona, we tender our sincere apologies. Our good ships SS KHEDIVE ISMAIL and SS MOHAMED ALI EL KEBIR are extending their regular voyages from New York to Alexandria beyond through the Suez Canal to India and just cannot make their dates for the 51-day Thrift Cruises previously offered.

In addition to the usual calls at Marseilles, Genoa, Naples, Beirut and Alexandria the exciting new schedule provides for stops at Port Said, Suez, Jeddah, Port Sudan, Aden, Bombay and Karachi. Of course you are invited to come along.

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RESTING FROM HOLIDAYS

NOW THAT the pressure of the efficiently planned Christmas season is behind us we can enjoy the luxury of being without a project, and browse at random through the children's book chest of 1953, leisurely "pulling out a plum" and congratulating ourselves on our finds. —CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP.

HAWAIIAN WONDER TALES. By Post Wheeler. Illustrated by Jack Matthew. Beechhurst Press: New York. 323 pp. $3.75.

WE HAVE long felt that Post Wheeler's "Russian Wonder Tales" is the first choice for the storyteller who interprets that highly important group of folk tales from Eastern Russia which were retold by the poet Alexander Pushkin. They are intricate, involved stories, rich in humor and drama and fascinating in background. Mr. Wheeler clarifies them, giving them action and continuity, and bringing out the heroes or heroines who mean so much to children. His wording is rhythmic, often poetical. What he has done for these Russian tales he does now for the Polynesian folk tales that are told in Hawaii. He lets the sea, as he should, dominate the theme—the wide reaches of the Pacific, dotted here and there with the tiny islands on which these people live their lives—on, in, and sometimes under the water. Some of the stories we have had before from a poet who was also a storyteller—Padriac Colum. "The Boy Who Became King of the Sharks," for instance, the children know well. Here it is beautifully told, with the heroic quality that is so evident in these island people; here we find, for the first time I think, a story of the Menehune—the Hawaiian "little people." We have often heard of them but have never had a record of them in print before. The publishers are particularly fortunate in their choice of Jack Matthew as illustrator. The strong black-and-white drawings give a vivid sense of the strength and beauty of the Polynesian people and of the setting of these dramatic tales.

A valuable book, "Hawaiian Wonder Tales" belongs in the collection of every storyteller. And, since all the stories are complete in themselves, they should be given directly to the boys and girls, who will select their own favorites among them. Post Wheeler writes an interesting foreword, which should be of value to all lovers of folklore.

—M. G. D.

PICCOLI. A Fairy Tale. By Philippe Hakman. Illustrated by Paul Julian. New York: Simon & Schuster. 90 pp. $3.

Tom Thumb, Thumbelina, Thumbling have acquired a new relative, Piccoli Sogni. This is the second book of 1953 on "little people," the first one being "The Borrowers." Unlike them, Piccoli has no family. She is a tiny doll who sleeps in a matchbox and belongs to Terry. Truthfully, she is Terry's "little dream," a dream familiar to many children and which some of us adults may possibly remember from our own childhood.

Piccoli is at a great disadvantage on account of her size, and she meets with hair-raising adventures. But she believes in using her head and, as a result, comes out on top, to the satisfaction of Terry and of every reader young and old. Her ways of dealing with a situation are highly original, as, for instance, when she enlists a whole army of cockroaches on Terry's behalf!

This is a gay, delicate, touching fantasy by someone known up to this time as one of the most successful cover photographers for *Life* and the author of the hilarious book "The Frenchman." Mr. Halsman created Piccoli for the enchantment of his own baby girls.

Paul Julian, a well-known artist, painter of sets and animated cartoons, has contributed arresting and expressive colored pictures.

"Piccoli" is here to stay.

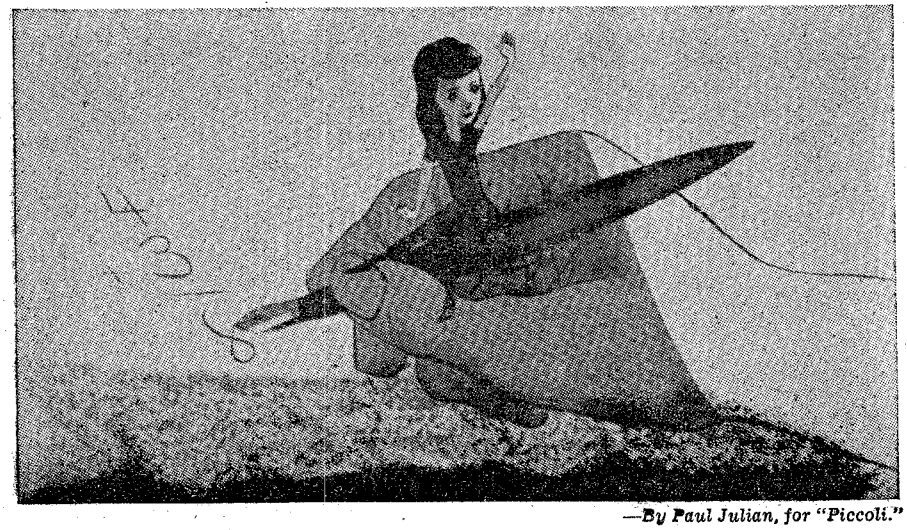
—C. H. B.

HALLORAN'S HILL. By Margaret Ann Hubbard. New York: The Macmillan Co. 248 pp. $2.50.

Margaret Ann Hubbard has a gift for bringing to life the Midwestern American boy's world. Last year his setting was South Dakota in "Thunderhead Mountain"; now it is the country around Duluth in 1899, when the Duluth, Missabe & Northern Railroad was the "busiest little railroad in the world." Today still the D. M. & N. is thriving, having to its record the carrying of an estimated fifty million tons of ore in 1953. Even now probably the D. M. & N. fills the dreams of many a young boy around Duluth who sees himself in the future as a "hoghead" or a "tallowpot," a "boomer" of some sort. The D. M. & N. has been modernized but it still employs "call boys," whose job is to go around town and wake up the different crew shifts.

"Halloran's Hill" is the story of such a boy at the turn of the century. Chap is a groceryman's son who has no use for grocery but thinks, talks, and dreams railroad, and steam engines especially, from morning throughout the night.

This book about him is a fine study of a boy's growing into a man. There



—By Paul Julian, for "Piccoli."

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is a contagious enthusiasm in Chap's choosing neither what is more secured nor what yields more money, but what he likes best to do, and it therefore seems too bad that the author did not spare his gallant spirit the burden of a financially successful ending which is unnecessary and tends to weaken an otherwise convincing story. Nevertheless, excellent in its portrayal of the different characters and conditions of life at the turn of the century in its part of the country. Through a brisk and quite masculine quality of style the author knows how to convey the romantic grandeur of the railroad. Some pages fill the reader with excitement and wonder, and some sentences in their sheer simplicity ring like poetry.

A book for boys from twelve on, and a good piece of Americana.

—C. H. B.

THE DRAGON AND THE BOOK. By Christine Price. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 196 pp. $2.75.

Beauty and history and memorable characters hold fast the reader's attention in this story of King Alfred's time and his hard-won stand against marauding Danes. Crammed with action, the overall effect of the poetic writing is enchantment with the scene and the ancient time brought so near as we follow the fortunes of the novice monk, the boy Wilfred. We meet him first in the still woods at Edengarth.

No breeze rustles the oak leaves, dry and brown, and the first notes of his pipe drop one by one into vast silence. "Low as the whistling of the nightingale the sound quivered across the little green valley where the monastery lay, deep in the forest called Andredsweald, and a white pony grazing on the sun-warm slope raised her head and listened." But the Dragon ships of the Danes had come back to rob and kill. The Danes have heard of a fabulous psalter the copying of which has been entrusted to the boy, Wilfred, and of the search for the beautiful book, now lost, now found, and followed by Wilfred. Bright images and delicate dramatic prose bring scene after scene before us. Abbot Anselm, King Alfred (no better story of Alfred has been given young people), Lady Judith, who comes into possession of the writings that open a wide new earth and heaven to her, move through the book as in a pageant.

Christine Price is a painter and has illustrated her own book and, out of a scholar's devotion and a poet's feeling for the English language, she has made a lasting volume for young readers and their elders.

—Ernestine Evans.

BRIGHT SUMMER. By Ernie Rydberg. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 131 pp. $2.50.

Teresita is the eleven-year-old heroine in this story of a Mexican family in the fruit country of California. The little girl is handicapped by an iron brace on her leg. She can't hurry like other children and is therefore a little lonely, but she has a wonderful eye for the trees and the wind and the creatures along the road and in the fields. She sees, and she can draw; her school teacher gives her a painting kit and helps find her a doctor who can operate on her leg. The book is full of other people: brothers and sisters, Mama who cannot read but does not let her children know it; workers in the orchard. Mr. Rydberg tells a warming story.

—E. E.

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE BALLET. By Noel Streatfeild. Pictures by Moses Soyer. New York: Franklin Watts, Inc. 93 pp. $1.75.

Again it becomes apparent that America has turned ballet conscious. Perhaps this form of art is more adapted to the American temperament at large than painting or music. Going through the country one is surprised to meet so many children interested in ballet, and so many parents deploring the scarcity of good teaching.

This book is for girls and their parents who are fortunate enough to live not too far from a good teacher. It is the story of a ten-year-old girl who goes to the theatre, sees a ballet for the first time, and, like many other children under the same circumstances, thinks that she wants to become a ballerina. Only, she is in dead earnest, and we follow her through her first interview with the teacher, the beginning of her training, the development of her technique. The difficulties inherent to an artistic career, ballet especially, are not minimized by the author, who knows what she is talking about. There are diagrams and drawings, and a short history of a ballet.

In a book which acknowledges its debt to Arnold Haskell we are surprised to find no mention of Isadora Duncan, to whom, though not a ballerina in the academic sense, Mr. Haskell paid homage several years ago in his book "Balletomania." Though Isadora's highly original contribution to the art of the dance may have had no influence on ballet

By Jack Matthew, for "Hawaiian Wonder Tales."

directly, yet it awoke in many Americans a sense of beauty of movement, and no one interested in ballet, especially among Americans, should ignore her name.

Except for this one omission we find this first book on the ballet absorbing and distinguished in its simplicity. A must for all young devotees of the ballet.

—C. H. B.

IN THE BIG TIME. By Katherine L. Bakeless. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 208 pp. $3.

Thirteen informational stories of stars of stage and screen, concert hall and night clubs, including John Mulholland the magician, are here described without undue dramatizing. Yehudi Menuhin's parents, in the days before baby sitters, took their baby to concerts, where he did not cry, but listened. Marian Anderson used to wash dishes. Fred Astaire came from Omaha. Beginnings, middles, and ends, their careers all constitute stories of talent and perseverance, and indirectly brief young people on the mountain trails others have climbed to the peaks—Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Catherine Cornell, James Stewart, Burl Ives, Hildegarde, and others.

—E. E.

SKATING FOR BEGINNERS. By Barbara Ann Scott and Michael Kirby. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 106 pp. $3.75.

It is unlikely that anyone can learn to skate from a book. However, if you are already practising skating this volume will interest you whether you are six or sixty. Away from the ring it will help you to remember what you learned, check on your mistakes, memorize principles. It will also help you "think skating," which is so important in the training of one's body and the development of the art.

This is a well-documented book, neatly and clearly presented, containing many simple and excellent pictures and diagrams, a practical chart, interesting photos, a short survey of the history of skating, an index of terms, a list of clubs, etc. Both authors are well-known skating stars.

—C. H. B.

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Fiction

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recall the grotesque demons carved in stone on the cathedral. They are especially fascinated with a secret stream which runs under the old and dirty quarter of the city, exactly under the local house of prostitution, where the runaways from school repair to explore the underlying stream and the more respectable bourgeois recover from the austere continence imposed by their frigid wives.

In the other section of the city, prim and respectable, live the upper-middle-class men of property: the mayor, the judges, the industrialists, the superannuated old maids dedicated to charity and to perfidious slander, and the notary, Maître Marguet. Maître Marguet is assailed by temptation. Vainly does he pray to God that He avert from him the images of those provincial maidens whom he sees from his study, going on their errands: he is one of those innumerable men of respectability who populate French fiction who in middle age cannot resist the lure of sin and must pay for too conventional a family life.

A lurid sadistic murder is committed one Saturday afternoon at five o'clock. The maid of Madame Marguet is found in a pool of blood, horribly mutilated, her clothes torn off. The monster Troussequin, whom Maître Marguet had employed as a house painter that day, is at once suspected and put under arrest by Sergeant Maillard. The examining magistrate, in the irrefutable French manner which Marcel Aymé, bent on showing the sadistic cruelty of stern judges, likes to satirize, is going to prove him guilty.

Fortunately, one of the hoodlum companions had played truant that very Saturday afternoon and, with a couple whose puppy love he chaperoned, had escaped from school and climbed the cathedral tower. From the tower, as the bells rang five, he had caught sight of Maître Marguet going about the attic of his house, where the murdered maid lived. The boy reveals what he had witnessed. His father, the mayor of the city himself, all would rather allow Troussequin the outcast to be convicted than to expose the true culprit, who was a paragon of respectability and a pillar of conventional order. But innocence wins in the end. The sex-obsessed notary will be judged and the monster, saved by the testimony of a child, will be rehabilitated.

The murder story is told unconvincingly, the search for the murderer does not allow for much mystery since everything was clear to the reader from the outset. The victim never appeared alive in the story and arouses little interest. As to the notary, he is even more mechanical and conventional than such middle-class notables are likely to be. The book is redeemed by a fine grasp on concrete details of everyday life, by a vivid style, by moments of hilarious satire and of cordial sympathy with all truants and outlaws, vagabonds and prostitutes. But it is on the whole a perfunctory affair and a very moderately successful attempt at comedy. It is a strange undertaking indeed, said Molière, to make people laugh.

Shades of DHL

D. H. LAWRENTIAN NOVEL: Though the novel form has proved hospitable to poetic, symbolic, and other experimental works, one always fears for the novelist as one sees him taking those first steps into the forest where even his most gifted predecessors have occasionally lost their way.

The novelist who forswears a conventional approach to such elements of his art as plot and characterization knows that he cannot dispense with them, but only that he must find some other way of introducing them, some way that will permit him to lay appropriate stress on the themes and meanings with which he is primarily concerned. Charles Ingle's **"The Waters of the End"** (Lippincott, $3) fails to transform the author's overriding interests into the stuff of fiction, ultimately destroying the effectiveness of the novel both as poetry and as fiction.

The thread of Mr. Ingle's story has to do with an act of expiation or fulfilment performed by Brian Bruce, whose father was lost in a small boat ten years earlier. Brian, together with his younger brother Rob and a friend, Richard (who is presumably brought along to point up the virtues of Brian and Rob), fits out a small boat for the symbolic reenactment of Thomas Bruce's voyage, being scrupulously careful not to learn too much of navigation (in order to preserve the myth inviolate). Through this remarkable performance, which apparently—though not certainly—ends in disaster, Brian establishes his and Rob's moral superiority to their mother, grandmother, uncle, and all other Bruces; whether Richard ceases to be a mucker is not established.

This extraordinary adventure, which must in part be inferred from the aimless and frustrated actions and thoughts of the elder Bruces, is told in a heavily overwritten prose that is a sad (and explicit) memorial to D. H. Lawrence. —Milton Crane.

Josephson

Continued from page 10

concept of economic determinism, broadly speaking, was embraced even by scions of banking families like Professor E. R. A. Seligman. It seemed to be embodied in the career of John D. Rockefeller himself, as even Nevins pictures it. By means regarded as "morally indefensible," he relates, by use of secret railroad rebates and espionage, the "anarchy" of small, competitive oil producers was ended and order and efficiency introduced into their field. A business world of small weak units was made "inevitably" to give way to a world of concentration and highly organized power. "Great business aggregations are not built without frustrating, crushing, or absorbing multitudinous small enterprises," concludes the modern apologist of Rockefeller. The historical concepts of Marx—aside from his advocacy of Socialism—have permeated our culture so generally for a hundred years that one finds Nevins unconsciously echoing one of the most familiar of Marxian doctrines: that which sees the rising capitalist class as an agency of progress leading to the triumph of "scientific" and large-scale industry.

Our Rockefellers, then, were not "morally worse" than their contemporaries of the Gilded Age, in Nevins's view, and above all should not be judged by the ethical standards of the present era. By their very ruthlessness in business, terrible even for that "loose period," he holds, they were enabled to build with all the greater speed a vast oil empire that would one day, in wartime, help save our country. Here one finds a philosophy of economic materialism in no way different from that which Beard, in earlier life, embraced—save that Beard preserved always a moral balance somewhat wanting in our current crop of revisionists. And if Dr. Nevins is going to teach us to "appreciate" or condone the moral ruthlessness of our older captains of industry, if he is going to let the end always justify the means, then I fail to see what arguments we can bring to bear against the Russian Communists. Reinhold Niebuhr was quite right in his recent observation (in "The Irony of American History") that our conservative apologists for unbridled monopoly, for the American way of materialistic life, are little better than the Communists.

There was nothing "effeminate" about Beard's idealism. That, incidentally, was the kind of accusation usually directed at reformers by the

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old corrupt political bosses of the General Grant era, like Roscoe Conkling. Beard was a prodigious worker, forever mining for his facts. He was not "any one thing" in his beliefs, and with time his views changed. But in writing the history of a country where most people had come to improve their material lot he would have been a dull-witted historian indeed if he had ignored the economic motive. In the long run his work stands in the mainstream of the modern pragmatists and sociologists. He desired to turn historical writing away from the mere chronicle of "past politics" or the doings of "great men" or famous diplomats and write of the people, of man in society, of the many-sided growth of a national culture or "civilization." And, far from belittling the role of those who, for private gain, usurped natural resources, acquired or built railroad nets, and organized huge industries, he insisted that they were in truth the prime actors, the dominant figures in the post-Civil War scene, beside whom Presidents and Senators were but animated shadows. Long years before Nevins approached the oil or automotive industries Beard asserted that the rise of a House of Rockefeller or Morgan was as important a subject for American historians as that of the House of Howard or Burleigh for the English.

Nevins's books, like his article urging the rewriting of our history, are after all but the expressions of his own partiality for the "leaders" of our industrial progress. In truth, they were never beloved or popular as folk-heroes as were our military leaders, great inventors, famous preachers, silver-tongued orators, and picturesque newspaper editors of the Horace Greeley type. If we would return to our folklore then the real American tradition is after all reflected by our earlier "literary" historians as well as by the later social-minded ones who expressed habitual distaste rather than adulation for the men of fortune. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., who as a railroad president saw a good deal of them, wrote in his autobiography: "Not one that I have ever known would I care to meet again either in this world or the next . . ." And in these days of the "businessmen's Administration" in Washington it is well to recall the statement of one intensely American historian of half a century ago who said: "In no other country was such power held by the men who had gained these fortunes, the mighty industrial overlords. . . . The Government was practically impotent. . . . Of all forms of tyranny the least attractive and the most vulgar is the tyranny of mere wealth." Was it a Socialist who spoke? No, it was a Republican, a President of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt. He preferred as his heroes men like Peary, the explorer, or Bury, the historian, not the financial magnates. It was Roosevelt who said: "I am simply unable to make myself take the attitude of respect toward the very wealthy men that many persons show nowadays . . ."

Beard, the chief target of the revisionists, maintained in his later years, in quite un-Marxist fashion, that the writing of completely "objective" history was an impossibility in view of the problem of selection, proportion, and emphasis that came into play. History thus became something like an "act of faith." The historian began always with an "assumption" or a "scheme of reference." One might fix upon the theme of the struggle of church and state as the *leitmotiv* of the period studied; another upon the clash of great interest groups and institutions. But we can never reproduce the past, in Ranke's words, "as it really was."

NOR does Allan Nevins. In the concluding part of his article one finds a series of historical guesses or "assumptions" about the past and future that seem as visionary or speculative as anything in George Bancroft or Parson Weems. In his closing vaticinal phrases everything comes out all white or all black. On the one side are the plumed knights of business who were "the architects of our material progress"; on the other the dragons of totalitarianism, German, Russian and Chinese. Had we applied "restrictions," that is, state controls, upon the masters of industry, he writes, we should have lost World War I. And but for the men who organized "the mightiest oil industry, the greatest steel industry, the largest automotive factories . . . we would indubitably have lost World War II." Thus, he paints a picture all dripping with glamour of the Rockefellers, Carneg-

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Frances Hodgson Burnett. 2. Lord Byron. 3. Susan Edmonstone Ferrier. 4. W. E. Norris. 5. Rolf Boldrewood. 6. Mark Twain. 7. Robert Louis Stevenson. 8. Joseph Conrad. 9. Honoré de Balzac. 10. Rex Beach. 11. Alice Brown. 12. Rhoda Broughton. 13. Henry Arthur Jones. 14. Robert W. Chambers. 15. Molière. 16. Jean Jacques Rousseau. 17. Mathilde Serao. 18. J. M. Barrie. 19. Robert Herrick. 20. W. B. Yeats.

Without value, what is good or evil—
Without interest, is there value?

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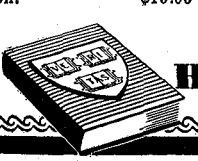

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ies, and Fords, conjuring up the industrial arms with which to defend democracy and lead the "Atlantic Community" in a crusade against the totalitarians of the East. This is a fairly *simpliste*, big-business version of the American Century. And this, he tells us, is the direction in which the rewriting of our history is to be carried out.

But what does the corpus of ascertainable facts reveal? To those who were in a position to study the defense program being launched in 1940-1941 it was plain that all too many leaders of our industry for two years after war had come to Europe stubbornly resisted the conversion of their plants for the manufacture of arms, or delayed providing added plant capacity, until the Government, under Franklin Roosevelt, agreed to subsidize a large part of such conversion or expansion by allowing very rapid depreciation rates for tax purposes. Today even conservative economists, such as Galbraith of Harvard University, acknowledge the truth that the swiftest and greatest expansion of our industry and our labor productivity took place *not* under the free-enterprise rules of peacetime, but in wartime under the indispensable Government planning, control, and priority restrictions.

Was "Uncle Henry" Ford thinking of the American Century when—prior to Pearl Harbor—he flatly refused to build aircraft engines for the hard-pressed British? One wonders what Ford's idea of history was. "The bunk," he said.

Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended treatment in early numbers.

THE AMERICA OF JOSÉ MARTI. By José Marti. Translated by Juan de Onis. The Noonday Press. $4.50. A selection of the journalistic writings about the America of the last half of the nineteenth century, by the great Cuban patriot, who was born in 1853 and killed in the Cuban insurrection of 1895.

AN AMERICAN IN EUROPE: The Life of Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford. By Egon Larsen. Philosophical Library. $4.75. A biography of Benjamin Thompson, 1753-1814, the American-born British statesman and physicist, who, among other things, was a British agent, inventor of the modern fireplace, Minister of War and Police in Bavaria, creator of Munich's "English Garden," and the first plumper for music while you work.

THE ARMY WIFE. By Nancy Shea. Harper & Bros. $3.50. A freshly revised edition of the army wife's *Godey's Lady's Book*.

AROUND THE RUGGED ROCK. By Elizabeth Cadell. William Morrow & Co. $3. A marshmallow pie that is set on the Rock of Gibralter, and tells of the lives and loves of a British family, the Saracens, and its wives, most of whom are Spanish.

ART OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC ISLANDS. By Paul S. Wingert. Beechurst Press. $3. A study, with 102 photogravure illustrations, of the native art that has been produced on the islands of the South Seas.

THE BUSINESS AT BLANCHE CAPEL. By Bryan Morgan. Little, Brown & Co. $3.75. A cup of midnight oil for insomniacs all over. The ingredients: a British virus research station occupied with the potentials of some dreadful stuff known as "swine fever," Communists, non-Communists, a shifty lady with a scarred face and soul, and a wrinkle-browed assistant superintendent.

THE CHINA TRADE POST-BAG. Edited by Elma Loines. Falmouth Publishing House. $12.50. A collection of letters written home to America by various members of the Seth Low family, which, from Salem and New York, managed much of the great China trade in the last century.

CHURCHES AND TEMPLES. By Paul Thiry, Richard M. Bennett, and Henry L. Kamphoefner. Reinhold Publishing Corp. $18. An historical study of the great churches of the world from Egypt to the present, with some 627 photographs, plans, elevations, etc.

COMMAND MISSIONS: A Personal Story. By Lt. General L. K. Truscott. E. P. Dutton & Co. $7.50. The memoirs of one of our lesser-known generals, who nevertheless played important parts in the North African campaign, in the invasions of Sicily and Italy, and the final plunge into Germany.

FAR, FAR FROM HOME. By Ruth McKenney. Harper & Bros. $3. A Kiwi-smooth account of recent experiences Miss McKenney ("My Sister Eileen") and family had during a long stay in Brussels. A good part of the book first appeared in *Holiday*.

FREEDOM FROM INSECURITY. By Hugo E. Czerwonky. Public Affairs Press. $3.50. Thoughts on new labor policy, labor-management relationships, old-age security, tax systems, agricultural policies, unemployments insurance, and industrial financing, by an experienced Government worker.

THE HOLY PLACES. By Evelyn Waugh. British Book Centre. $4.50. Two descriptive pieces about St. Helena and Jerusalem, by the English novelist.

IT ISN'T THIS TIME OF YEAR AT ALL. By Oliver St. John Gogarty. Doubleday & Co. $3.50. Further memoirs, which include the sights and sounds of Joyce, Yeats, A. E, Augustus John, Compton Mackenzie, and Lord Dunsany, by one of the last of modern Irish bardics. "As I Was Going Down Sackville Street" came earlier.

THE JUNGLE SEAS. By Arthur A. Ageton. Random House. $3.50. A novel about a young naval officer in the South Seas during World War II.

THE KING'S RANGERS. By John Brick. Doubleday & Co. $3.95. A new historical novel by the author of "The Raid" (1951) concerning Butler's Rangers, who were, as you will remember, the King's Own during the Revolution; the Cherry Valley and Wyoming Massacres; and a romance with a part Indian girl, all of which is based on sound historical research.

THE LIFE OF REASON, or the Phases of Human Progress. By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons. $6.50. This is a completely revised version of the five-volume work first published in 1907. The author finished its revision, in collaboration with Daniel Cory, shortly before his death last year.

THE LIVES OF WILD BIRDS. By Aretas A. Saunders. Doubleday & Co. $3.50. A handbook for sprouting ornithologists, based on some lectures given at the Allegheny School of Natural History.

A MAN AND TWO GODS. By Jean Morris. Viking Press. $3. A cerebratious first novel from England, which has already been well spoken of over here, about a man who kills a spy in peacetime and is convicted of murder, only to find that with the coming of war his action is turntabled and he is offered a medal.

THE MOTION OF THE HEART. By Blake Cabot. Harper & Bros. $2. A layman's account, for laymen, of the human heart and what science knows about it today. Included are reports on arterial blockades, high blood pressure, rheumatic fever, "heart failure"—all of which afflict some three quarter million people of all ages in this country every year.

THE NEW ENGLAND MIND: The Seventeenth Century. By Perry Miller. Harvard University Press. $6.50. A reissue of Volume One of Professor Miller's as yet unfinished history of the early American mind.

THE SECRET STREAM. By Marcel Aymé. Translated by Norman Denny. Harper & Bros. $2.75. The first English translation of a novel first published in 1936 by the well-known French novelist. It is set in a small French town, and concerns the fishslippery doings of the town's leading citizens when they find that one of their member, a lawyer, is a murderer.

THE SOUP STONE: The Magic of Familiar Things. By Maria Leach. Funk & Wagnalls. $2.75. A light-bodied collection of the folklore the world has built up through the centuries around the objects it uses everyday, such as shoes, rings, gloves, napkins, mirrors, etc. The illustrations are by Mamie Harmon.

SUBSTITUTE FOR VICTORY. By John Dille. Doubleday & Co. $3. A report on the Korean War by a *Life* correspondent who spent two years in that country for his magazine.

THE TANGLED FIRE OF WILLIAM FAULKNER. By William Van O'Connor. University of Minnesota Press. $4. A critical examination of the body of Faulkner's fiction. The author is associate professor of English at the University of Minnesota.

THE TOY FAIR. By Howard Moss. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50. A new collection of poems, many of which first ran in *The New Yorker* and the little magazines, by one of our best younger poets. Mr. Moss is also the poetry editor of *The New Yorker*.

THE WORLD'S FOOD. By M. K. Bennett. Harper & Bros. $3.50. A study, by an expert, of some of the problems the world faces and will face in feeding itself. There are also discussions of such theories as these: economic and population expansion should be in continual balance; the richer a country the leaner its diet; and hunger is caused by social and cultural causes. —W. B.

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Nevins

Continued from page 9

of America to the leadership of the Western World—will undoubtedly affect our children's children, and the long generations to come, in the most sweeping way. It will loom up in time to come as tremendously as the great changes which preceded it—as the Revolution internal and external, the American conquest of the frontier and the frontier's conquest of the American, the death of slavery and the birth of machine industry. But the full significance of this development will not become evident until it, too, is given the dual or multiple interpretation that historians gave these older developments. We shall not understand its essential character until all the accompanying phenomena, social, economic, and intellectual, have been analyzed, and some mind as electric as Parrington's and as penetrating as Turner's has pierced nearer its heart. What then will be its significance? That is a question we cannot answer; it is for the oncoming generation of historians.

My own guess is that this great development by which America has been projected into world leadership, with all the exhilarations and perils, the opportunities and costs of that position, may in some fashion be connected by future interpreters with the advent of an age of mass action, mass production, and mass psychology in American life. From being one of the most unorganized, the most invertebrate of nations in 1860 we have grown into the most powerfully and efficiently organized people on the globe. Our population of 160,000,000 disposes of its resources through such mass combinations, political, social, and economic, as mankind never saw before. Our thinking in 1865 was still individual thinking; today it is largely mass thinking, shaped and colored by mass media of unparalleled and sometimes dismaying potency—press, radio, television, cinema. No one can go to what were recently primitive frontier communities in America—say Texas and California—without being struck, and a little appalled, by the complexity and efficiency with which they have organized their life. It was our mass production which won the two last world wars; it was our genius for making big organizations work which has built the means for saving Western democracy since the latest world war. Our national outlook, once that of the individualistic pioneer, has become a social outlook. Without this pervasive internal change our new position in the world would have been impossible.

THE striking shift in our character and our world position in the last half century, of course, has some direct results, already visible, in our interpretation of history. We are evincing a greater militancy in asserting the virtues of our political and social system. The apologetic attitude of the years of the Great Depression is gone. We can henceforth be more confident, and more energetic, in asserting that our way of life, called decadent by our enemies, has proved itself historically to be freer, more flexible, and more humane than any other in history. We can be as emphatic and frank as ever in describing our past weaknesses, from slavery to slums, but we shall insist more rigorously on the fundamental healthiness of our system and on its proved ability to mend its defects and give us a constantly self-regenerating society.

We shall also evince, I think, a tendency to insist more emphatically on the fundamental unity of the United States with Western Europe and the various other nations sprung from Western Europe. All kinds of Western institutions and virtues now find their principal stronghold in the United States. The literature written in the English tongue increasingly has

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 555

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 555 will be found in the next issue.

NVUNPAY AE EFNR I ECITT

YRAUH IQYPX ITT!

NVUNPAY AE VUTL CVFUYI-

AU-RAHR, GVXTO-

GAOP, VX VNPIU-OPPD!—

YRVCIE GVTQP

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 554
It would not be argued today that the power to regulate does not include the power to prohibit.
—O. W. Holmes.

IF HOMER could have set the Odyssey in type he would have selected

monotype

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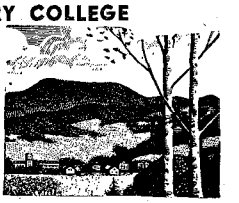

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its main center of vitality in America, a fact well recognized by the London *Times Literary Supplement*. The Roman Catholic Church, like the Protestant churches, finds its chief springs of wealth and power in the United States. The Atlantic Community, as many publicists term it, has taken the place of the former division between Europe and the Americas. Oldtime quarrels between America and Western Europe have lost a great part of the significance which was once attached to them. What does the War of 1812 count for compared with the maintenance and growth of the political, social, and cultural ties that have made the English-speaking nations so nearly a unit? The nationalistic view of our history will increasingly be replaced by the international view, treating America as part of a great historic civilization with the Atlantic its center, as the Mediterranean was the center of the ancient world; the tides of population, power, and influence first moving from Europe to America, and then beginning to flow in the opposite direction.

We may look forward, also, to a more appreciative attitude toward our material strength, and to a more scientific treatment of the factors which have created this material power. In the past our historians were apologetic about this. They condemned our love of the dollar, our race to wealth, our interest in material objects; they deprecated our worship of size, and deplored our boastfulness about steel tonnage, grain production, and output of machinery. Clio, with her tradition of devotion to moral values, was scornful of any others. Our writers in general—for the historians but followed the poets, the novelists, and the dramatists—intimated that America had grown too fast, too coarsely, too muscularly; they exalted the rural virtues as against industrial might, the rarefied air of the study as against the smoky atmosphere of the mill.

WITHOUT denying that some accompaniments of our swift industrialization were atrociously bad we can now assert that this historical attitude was in part erroneous. The nation grew none too fast. We can see today that all its wealth, all its strength were needed to meet a succession of world crises—and we still dwell in a crisis era. Had we applied restrictions to keep our economy small, tame, and timid we would have lost World War I. Had the United States not possessed the mightiest oil industry, the greatest steel industry, the largest automotive factories, the most efficient machine-tool industry, the best technological schools, and the most ingenious working force in the world, we would indubitably have lost World War II.

Were we significantly weaker today in technical skills, in great mills and factories, and the scientific knowledge which gave us priority with the atomic bomb and hydrogen bomb, all Western Europe would be cowering—we ourselves would perhaps be cowering—before the knout held by the Kremlin. The architects of our material growth—the men like Whitney, McCormick, Westinghouse, Rockefeller, Carnegie, Hill, and Ford—will yet stand forth in their true stature as builders, for all their faults, of a strength which civilization found indispensable.

That Jay Gould deserves the unscientific term "robber baron" is doubtless true. Nobody can object if similar malisons are heaped on such other disreputable businessmen as Collis P. Huntington, Bet-a-Million Gates, and Frenzied-Finance Lawson. Industry, like politics, has its bad men and dark chapters, and it has long been easy to get a spurious reputation for "courage" by dilating on them. The *real* courage, however, is required by those who argue that we should approach our business history with discrimination, balance, and a concern for scientific analysis of all the evidence. The forthcoming multivolumed history of the Standard of New Jersey by members of the Harvard School of Business Administration will show that Rockefeller and his successors were guiltless of many of the charges flung at them, and in organizing the incredibly chaotic oil business performed a work not destructive, but essentially constructive. Andrew Carnegie, who did so much to build the nation's steel industry, cannot be dismissed with the term "robber baron." Nor can James J. Hill, whose Great Northern contributed so much to Northwestern growth. Nor can Henry Ford, who lowered

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prices, raised wages, and in 1911-1914 brought to birth at Highland Park the complex creative process called mass production, which, widely applied, has done so much to make life richer and Western democracy stronger. As the era of muckraking fades the era of a true history of our industrial growth —not apologetics, not abuse, but scientific appraisal, giving blame and credit where each is due—can open. And the credit side of the ledger far outweighs the debit.

IT WILL yet be realized that the industrial revolution in the United States came none too soon, and none too fast; and that the ensuing mass production revolution as yet so little understood by Americans was not born a day too early. We shall also come to realize that the turmoil and human suffering which inescapably accompanied the industrial revolution and the mass-production revolution were not, after all, a tremendous price to pay for their benefits. The price was smaller in the United States than in foreign lands. The industrial revolution cost less in human travail here than it did in England, where it first came to birth; less than in Germany or Japan; far less than it is costing in Russia. Here is a wide field for the rewriting of American history, and for the re-education of the American people, who should have a fair presentation of the facts in place of tendentious writing.

Our material might, to be sure, is valuable only as it supports, and carries to victory, great moral ideas; only as it buttresses a civilization in which spiritual forces are predominant. But the fundamental difference between the democratic world and the totalitarian world lies precisely in the superior position which we give to moral and spiritual values. It is we, not our enemies, who have the right to talk about what Lincoln called man's vast future, for we really value men as individual souls. Behind our dreams of man's vast future we mobilize an unconquerable strength. In time, when future historians look back on this period, which to us is so full of struggle, sacrifice, and anxious uncertainty, they will perhaps give it an interpretation of no mean character. They may say: "The era in which the United States, summoning all its strength, led democracy in winning the First World War, the Second World War, and the ensuing struggle against the Communist tyranny, was one of the imposing eras of history. It stands invested, in its own fashion, with something of the radiance of the Periclean era, the Elizabethan era, and the era of Pitt and the long struggle against Napoleon."

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Divinatory.	191 43 162 77 159 136 138 71 22
B. Performing acts of kindness.	185 172 60 192 106 81 34 114 26 56
C. Certain immature insect.	166 85 67 41 113
D. Specifying such diseases as miner's phthisis.	188 7 108 180 194 21 72 167 98 88 82 144
E. "Anno Domini" (4 wds.).	186 130 78 9 110 105 49 176 140 195 87 151 190
F. Doctrine of final things, such as immortality, etc.	127 52 161 2 28 134 193 96 156 123 12
G. Describing a string which vibrates, though untouched, when its pitch is sounded.	76 100 129 18 64 109 135 145 102 51 115
H. Son of Ino who became the seagod Palaemon.	24 8 173 54 46 3 79 112 121 175
I. British explorer who wrote "Everest: The Challenge," 1936.	73 13 165 50 187 23 147 97 99 75 55 15
J. Flamelike, in form or color.	89 84 95 53 143 179 169 33 29 1

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
K. According to Baird Leonard (1888-1941), Eve made a nonchalant one "to fashion garments out of leaves."	133 168 80 20 92 31 15
L. What Hotspur said is too short to be spent basely ("King Henry IV, Part I"; 3 wds.).	27 90 163 153 124 14 118 48 171 183
M. A kind of low-hung cab, with entrance at the back, common sixty years ago.	116 93 137 184 10 37
N. Maneuvered gently or carefully into something (2 wds.).	128 149 4 45 94 152 181
O. Delivery; performance.	132 38 154 131 101 47 62 39 122
P. Describing that "forefinger of all Time" in Tennyson's "Princess" which wore "jewels five-words-long."	126 148 19 107 174 65 57 160 125
Q. Sensational motion picture, now blamed, along with "comic" books and lethal toys, for juvenile delinquency (2 wds.).	16 59 178 120 66 32 157 5 83 164
R. African wading bird, allied to the storks and herons.	189 68 146 141 25 158 35 104
S. Receiving too little nourishment.	69 111 182 58 91 44 61 30
T. Rattlesnake of the desert regions.	103 142 63 42 74 170 6 119 17 177
U. In British military service, a volunteer holding a certificate of proficiency and receiving extra pay.	139 150 40 117 86 36 196 70 11

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

			1 J	2 F	3 H		4 N	5 Q	6 T	7 D	8 H	9 E	10 M	11 U	12 F		13 I
14 L		15 K	16 Q	17 T		18 G	19 P	20 K	21 D	22 A	23 I	24 H	25 R	26 B	27 L		
28 F	29 J	30 S		31 K	32 Q	33 J	34 B	35 R	36 U	37 M	38 O		39 O	40 U			41 C
42 T	43 A	44 S	45 N	46 H	47 O	48 L	49 E	50 I	51 G	52 F	53 J		54 H	55 I			56 B
57 P	58 S		59 Q	60 B	61 S	62 O	63 T	64 G		65 P	66 Q	67 C	68 R	69 S	70 U	71 A	
72 D	73 I		74 T	75 I	76 G		77 A	78 E	79 H	80 K	81 B	82 D	83 Q	84 J	85 C		
86 U	87 E	88 D	89 J	90 L	91 S	92 K	93 M	94 N		95 J	96 F	97 I	98 D		99 I	100 G	
	101 O	102 G	103 T		104 R	105 E	106 B	107 P	108 D	109 G		110 E	111 S		112 H	113 C	
114 B		115 G	116 M	117 U	118 L	119 T	120 Q	121 H	122 O		123 F	124 L	125 P		126 P	127 F	
128 N	129 G	130 E	131 O		132 O	133 K	134 F	135 G	136 A	137 M		138 A	139 U	140 E	141 R	142 T	
143 J	144 D	145 G		146 R	147 I	148 P		149 N		150 U	151 E	152 N	153 L	154 O	155 I		
156 F	157 Q		158 R	159 A	160 P		161 F	162 A	163 L	164 Q	165 I	166 C	167 D	168 K	169 J		
170 T		171 L	172 B	173 H	174 P		175 H	176 E	177 T	178 Q	179 J	180 D	181 N	182 S	183 L	184 M	
	185 B	186 E		187 I	188 D	189 R	190 E		191 A	192 B	193 F	194 D	195 E	196 U			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 48 of this issue.

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A Self-Check:

HOW MANY OF THESE NEW BOOKS HAVE YOU BEEN "MEANING TO READ" AND HAVE FAILED TO?

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- ☐ FIRE IN THE ASHES *by Theodore H. White*
- ☐ TOO LATE THE PHALAROPE *by Alan Paton*
- ☐ THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS *by Chas. A. Lindbergh*
- ☐ SAYONARA *by James A. Michener*
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- ☐ VERMONT TRADITION *by Dorothy Canfield Fisher*
- ☐ THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA *by Ernest Hemingway*
- ☐ ANNAPURNA *by Maurice Herzog*
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- ☐ THE SEA AROUND US *by Rachel L. Carson*
- ☐ THE MAUGHAM READER
- ☐ THE SILENT WORLD *by Capt. J. Y. Cousteau*
- ☐ THE NEW YORKER 25th ANNIVERSARY ALBUM
- ☐ CHARLES DICKENS (2 vols.) *by Edgar Johnson*
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- ☐ THE MATURE MIND *by H. A. Overstreet*

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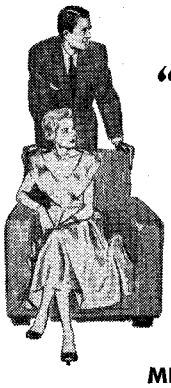

"No, I haven't read it, I've been meaning to!"

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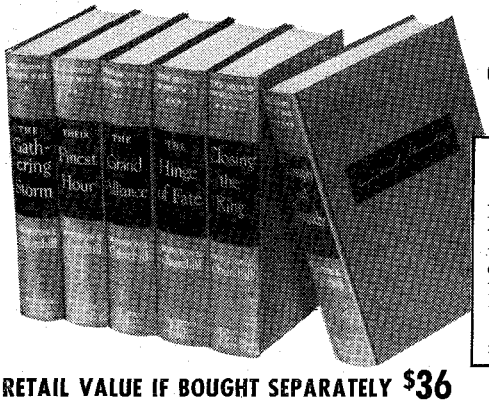

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